New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Memo to Macmillan

MR MACMILLAN'S letter to Mr Krushchev is the sort of unconventional gesture which in the past has seemed to evoke positive responses from Krushchev; and in the present worsening international situation nothing could be more important than to keep the East-West dialogue in being – even if it has to be confined to small talk – until American policy can re-engage gear next January. Moreover Krushchev will do well to understand that the general reaction here to his recent destructive and offensive diplomacy is one of shock and puzzle. Thus when Macmillan says 'I simply do not understand what your purpose is today,' he exactly represents public opinion in Britain; and in that sense his letter is the best kind of propaganda.

Soviet policy is traditionally enigmatic – largely because it is formulated without the pressures of public debate – and the West has indeed been confused by the suddenness of the recent switch and by what Macmillan reasonably characterises as the absence of patience and restraint from recent Soviet tactics. But the Prime Minister must not seek to appear too innocent: there is a good deal of evidence upon which reasonable deductions about Russian policy can be made.

In the first place, Soviet professions about wishing to end the Cold War have been remarkably consistent, both internally and externally, and have been linked (in a manner which Marxists will find entirely coherent) with the desire to engage the capitalist countries in the form of economic war which Krushchev calls 'peaceful competition'. It is noteworthy that, even in recent weeks, Soviet propaganda still pays lip service to these propositions. It would be wise to take them seriously.

Secondly, the balance of power in the world has changed decisively since Stalin launched the Cold War. Russia, even without China, has now achieved full military parity with the US. It follows that Krushchev has no reason to let the Cold War end in unconditional surrender: the 'armistice', which has in a sense existed since 1955, will either now lapse or must be followed by a 'negotiated peace'.

Thirdly, the Soviet government has left the world in no doubt at all about the two issues which it considers vital to Russian security: Germany and the US overseas bases. Irrelevant to argue that Russian suspicions are unreasonable, that the western alliance presents no threat: western actions have too often failed to match that claim. In any case no great military power can allow its essential security to depend on the goodwill of others. It seems a reasonable deduction that Krushchev's notion of a negotiated end to the Cold War means concrete negotiations about Germany and the American bases. Far the most likely reason for his sudden diplomatic switch was his gradual realisation that, to the West, Summit 'negotiations' meant affable talks about radio-jamming and not hard bargaining about positions of strength.

If Macmillan is really at a loss, he should consider the simple hypothesis that Russia is anxious to wind up the Cold War and usher in the era of peaceful competition if, and only if, the West is ready, after due bargaining, to make real strategic concessions. There will of course be those in Britain, as in the US, who, faced with that proposition, would prefer the Cold War. But this is a counsel of despair. The West can perhaps afford to take a chance on the resilience of modern capitalism in the face of peaceful competition from Communism; but in a continuing Cold War we are bound to be the losers. Russia's response to the US strategy of encirclement will increasingly be to secure her own Cold War bases by carrying her influence into Africa and South America. The current examples of Cuba and Congo should serve as a warning, just as pertinent as that of the RB-47, that the USSR is now as powerful and resourceful as the US. The Russians can render the problems which face the western powers almost insoluble unless there is a genuine agreement of self-interest – at least to co-exist.

Comments on the Week's News

Nyasaland

A New Deal Now?

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The conference on constitutional reform in Nyasaland which opens in London next week cannot but be influenced by affairs in the Congo. Two quite different deductions are being drawn from the situation there. The white settlers' attitude throughout Central Africa is to point to the Congo as a dreaded example of what happens if Africans are given self-government. The African reaction is that the Congo illustrates the dangers inherent in postponing self-government too long. In the case of Nyasaland there is one further lesson to be drawn; it is now being said there that, if Katanga can secede from the Congo, nothing can stop Nyasaland from seceding from the Federation in a similar manner. Dr Hastings Banda, who leads the delegation to London from the Malawi Congress Party, is wise enough to see the dangers which the Congo situation has illuminated for his own people. He realises that self-government demands an even stronger administration than colonial rule. He is therefore re-emphasising his desire to retain European civil servants while speeding up the training of Africans in all departments of administration. But this necessity does not in any way weaken the demands of Dr Banda and the people he represents for swift progress towards African political responsibility. He is asking for a new Legislative Council of 55 members, 46 of whom will be elected by the three million Africans on a basis of universal adult suffrage, with six elected non-African members – to represent the 8,000 Europeans and 11,000 Asians – and three officials. He would have the Executive drawn from the elected members, together with the same three officials. Dr Banda's demand will be opposed by the delegation representing the United Federal Party, which is the Nyasaland branch of Sir Roy Welensky's governing party.

It is significant, however, that one prominent business man in Blantyre has been circulating a memorandum asserting that the only way to secure peaceful advance in the Protectorate is to give power and responsibility to the Africans now. This may not represent a great number of the white community, but it is certainly the observation of its most intelligent section. The real problem to be solved in London is how to find a settlement which, while satisfying the demand of African nationalists for speed, does not scare away the European civil servants, or throw the doors open to violent African factionalism. Already there are voices amongst the Africans criticising Dr Banda, and a break-away from his Malawi Congress has occurred. He has some tempestuous followers to control, particularly in his Youth League. Yet he represents not only the mass following of Africans, but the only immediate chance of securing unity throughout the country. The British government, therefore, must give him whatever advance he needs to allow him to retain his leadership and organise his people for a genuine effort to meet the challenge of self-government as a united nation.

This week's events in the federation only serve to emphasise the gravity of these decisions. There are signs that the settlers are preparing for a showdown under the banner, again flaunted by Sir Roy Welensky, of preserving Africa for the West in the face of the Soviet threat. Just how specious is this particular argument is demonstrated in an excellent and timely addition to the *Daily Mirror's* 'Spotlight' series, *The New Africa*, by Basil Davidson. Davidson effectively demolishes Welensky's thesis concluding: 'Nationalism will lead to chaos or to the exclusion of western influence only on one condition: that the western world is determined, through misunderstanding of the facts, to make it so'.

Westminster

Faults on Both Sides

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* Until about 3 p.m., while Mr Reginald Maudling was answering Board of Trade questions with his usual agreeable competence, it had been a thinnish House. Welsh members were busy elsewhere stoking the boilers for Mrs Jones, and at least some other members, caught in Tuesday's mid-day storm, were looking for something even hotter than Welsh feeling to dry their clothes. Fifteen minutes later, the Chamber was packed and silent.

Before he made his statement, Mr Macmillan had to answer a series of questions about American bases and on these, for a moment, it looked as though he was going to be funny. But the moment passed. Shortly and simply he skimmed the various agreements or understandings which had grown up through the years about the use of these bases and then repeated his previous statement that the British and American governments were now discussing, at present at official level, what changes and modifications were required in the light of U-2 and RB-47. One the whole, and for the time being, the House was prepared to let it go at that and now waited for the statement. First Macmillan read the note which the British Ambassador had that morning presented to the Russian government. The reading of this note to the House of Commons, on the day of its delivery to Moscow, was unusual. What followed was more unusual still, for Macmillan proceeded to read in full the personal letter to Mr Krushchev which he had sent with the note.

Some who heard this letter – Mr Reginald Paget, for example – seemed to hear echoes of similar letters which Neville Chamberlain had written to Hitler. Others, Mr Emrys Hughes in the lead, thought the whole thing too one-sided and would have liked a similar letter to be sent to President Eisenhower. But the majority were exactly suited. Skipping the verbiage and formalities of international diplomacy, the Prime Minister had seemed to write as one ordinary man to another, saying precisely the things which ordinary Britons would like to say to Krushchev. Look, he said in effect, I think you know that we want peace. We think you want peace. But what you have been doing recently bewilders us. Can't we try to sort things out? In language and tone, Macmillan met the mood of the House of Commons that afternoon.

But, so confused is the present situation and so variable are the reactions to it that by evening some second thought were seeping through. That point of Emrys Hughes about sending a similar letter to the United States – the House is inclined, too inclined, to treat Hughes as a joker; but had not Mr Hugh Gaitskell virtually made the same point and wasn't he right? Referring to the RB-47 flight, Gaitskell had asked whether we should really remain undisturbed if Russian aircraft were spotted 30 miles off our coasts. Referring to an American statement that these RB-47 flights were to keep American allies in good heart, he had suggested that we could well do without encouragement of that sort. We did not feel any safer because the United States was continually ringing Krushchev's front door bell. Mr Dennis Healey pressed this still further. Whatever the rights or wrongs of this particular RB-47 flight, we just did not know, he said, what was going on from American bases in this country and were alarmed at the thought that these bases *could* be used for breaches of international law.

These points were firmly stated. That they were not driven relentlessly home was due solely to the fact that the Anglo-American discussions about the bases were actually in progress. The House will certainly insist on hearing the results of these discussions and on assuring itself that Britain in future controls the use to which the bases are put. The House, in fact, after uncertainties and changes of mood, is now coming to believe that, in this dispute between Russia and America there is much to be said against both sides.

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Planning

An Ideological Incapacity

A Special Correspondent writes: This week's debate on land emphasised how helpless the government is in meeting both the growing scandal of land speculation and the economic pressures from which the scandal springs. While the population crowds into the south-east and the Midlands; while enormous and hideous office blocks rise in the city centres to encourage the rush to the metropolis; while speculative builders squander land with unimaginative, undesigned and often jerry-built houses; and while local authorities, speculators and private citizens scramble in a battle where the spoils are always to the rich, all Mr Henry Brooke can do is desperately wave his Green Belt, a gesture which even his own supporters find it hard to believe in. It is inevitable that the government should be helpless. Chained to the lunacies of the 'free market', which, in fact, in this case is free only in the sense that exorbitant profits are free for the taking, they are ideologically incapable of tackling the problems posed by the building and re-building of Britain. Apart from their drastic limitations of the powers of the 1947 Town and Country Planning Act, and their more excusable failure to grasp precisely what powerful factors prosperity and the growth of population were going to be in the demand for land and housing, the government must bear responsibility for permitting

industry of most kinds to encourage the rush to the centre.

In the debate Mr Brooke made great play with the difficulties of creating new towns, which would be an important method of reducing the pressure on land in the cities. Is it not more probable that the desire no longer exists to create new towns? It seems, for example, scarcely credible that in a country where total urban land is no more than ten per cent of the whole, room cannot be found for many new towns if the will exists. It is simply not true that building of this kind presents a threat to agriculture. In the next 20 years, at most two and a half per cent of agricultural land will be employed for this purpose, while at the same time productivity in agriculture is rising by three and a half per cent. But, in any case, some 750,000 acres will be developed in that period. What is important is the shape and location of that development. Leaving it to the operation of a free market will be disastrous not only to people in search of houses at prices they can afford, but to these same people in their capacity of ratepayers who will have to meet increased rates for public buildings or go short of schools because local authorities cannot compete with speculators.

Singapore

Mr Lee and Mr Ong

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: No sooner had the city state of Singapore celebrated the first anniversary of its self-government than the political scene was thrown into confusion. Lee Kuan Yew's Peoples' Action Party, which has governed the country since the first elections, has always contained within its ranks a variety of dissident groups. Mr Lee has managed to retain the leadership and, as Prime Minister, has successfully steered his government through the first awkward year. Nevertheless, he has been repeatedly challenged by the young left-winger, Ong Eng Guan, the former mayor of the city, whose extreme anti-Europeanism has appealed to the Chinese masses and has also deprived the city of many European civil servants. The conflict came to a head at a recent conference of the PAP, with Mr Ong's expulsion from both party and government. The way was left open for his readmission if he would make a public confession of his errors. It now seems, however, that Mr Ong prefers to bide his time and to embrace martyrdom in the hope of increasing his popularity. In the meantime, Mr Lee's government steers its uneasy course between its traditional anti-colonialism and socialist purity and its responsibility for the running of a small city state without large scale industry and entirely dependent on the entrepôt trade. It has managed for the moment to contain the subversive activities of the trade union movement; but inside the trades union congress the position of Lim Chin Siong, another left-winger, has become vital. An alliance between Mr Lim and Mr Ong would almost certainly mark the downfall of Lee Kuan Yew. At present, however, Mr Lim seems to be content to connive at the downfall of his main left-wing rival and is continuing to support the Prime Minister. The future of both Singapore itself and the PAP is heavily dependent on the success of the Finance Minister, who has launched a five-year capital investment plan involving expenditure of over £100m and who next week arrives in Britain to seek aid for the plan.

Cardiff

Mrs Jones, the Telly

A South Wales Correspondent writes: Suppose that the little-known wife of the dean at one of the minor cathedrals in the Midlands or the North or the West had been appointed the chairman of the regional broadcasting council of the BBC. Is it conceivable that the local newspapers would run columns of angry speeches, letters, articles? That the other members of the council would weigh the odds of resigning? That HM Opposition would move a vote of censure in the commons? Why, then, should this have happened here over the appointment by the Prime Minister (or was it Mr Henry Brooke; or was it Lord Brecon?) of Mrs Rachel Jones, wife of the Dean of Brecon, to be the BBC's Welsh chairman?

Technically the reason is that Mrs Jones does not speak Welsh and so will not be able to understand some 45 per cent of the output of the BBC in Wales. Understandably this makes Welsh speakers angry, and their anger is only increased at the rumours that Mrs Jones and her husband speak Welsh on Fridays. ('With the fish?' asked a Merioneth man, bitterly.) But this reasonable complaint could reasonably be met by her apologists' arguments that 70 per cent of the people who live in Wales are unable to understand 45 per cent of the BBC's output, so doesn't Mrs Jones represent the majority of the principality's inhabitants?

But this, of course, is only the finishing-line of the argument, as it were. The obstacle race pursues the usual devious Welsh route. To begin with: Who is Mrs Jones? Her face has never appeared in that caravanserai which roams from eisteddfod to eisteddfod, from university court to Labour Party conference. Where has she stood? What plays has she produced? Where was her father's chapel?

And who cares about Brecon? Except for trout and cattle and the cathedral and Mr Tudor Watkins, what does it count? And here one comes near the heart of the matter. 'Jobs for the girls', as it's put. Doesn't the Minister of State come from Brecon? And who had heard of him before the Prime Minister (or Mr Henry Brooke?) made the equally surprising appointment?

Also to be considered is the nature of the job. Elsewhere in Britain a regional BBC chairman may not be important. In Wales it is a central Establishment role. This does not mean that the job is in fact important, but that it is held to be. In the popular mind it is confused with the BBC itself, an organisation which in Wales fulfils functions which in England might be met by Lloyds, Buckingham Palace and the Athenaeum. In the less popular mind the job is seen as one of the few fruits of service, loyalty and a fair amount of cultural activity.

Whether all the row is really amusing is another matter. Without doubt no other issue in the last decade has aroused so much debate and bad feeling. Mrs Jones's new colleagues on the BBC council have, with two exceptions, expressed their disagreement with her appointment. (They have not resigned, however, possibly being aware that there are still a few thousand people left in Brecon.) But essentially this is a trivial issue. Its real lesson must be a dispiriting one. It reflects a growing tendency in Wales to turn away from real issues, for the Welsh radical spirit to turn in on itself rather than grapple with more important social questions.

Cricket

Making Way for Meckiff

A Special Correspondent writes: In one sense, next year's Australian cricket tour of England has begun nine months before the players enter their aircraft. Some Australian papers have taken the no-balling of South Africa's fast bowler, Griffin, as an attempt by the MCC to intimidate Australian selectors into omitting the Australian fast bowler, Meckiff, whom many Englishmen condemn as a thrower. Since that fire has been lighted, some commentators have suggested that next year's tour should be called off lest the fire develop into a blaze more furious even than the body-line controversies of the Thirties. But while a section of the press was stirring the pot, cricket legislators met last week in the Imperial Cricket Conference and agreed, unanimously and cordially, on a definition of what is and what is not throwing. This should help to prevent in future what has sometimes happened in the past, when bowlers have been passed in some countries and in some grounds and virtually banned in others. From now on, all umpires will be working to the same rule. Further, in doing so they will have what they have not always had in past years, the backing of their respective authorities. With the mandate clear, there is no reason why the forthcoming tours both of the West Indies in Australia and of Australia in Britain should not be amicable – provided that the press is now willing to leave the umpires' decisions to the umpires.

Fleet Street

Those Poor Nuns

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* To report chaos and confusion is never easy. No-one should be surprised to find some discrepancies in reports from the Congo. But there is one area of reporting in which the differences have been sufficiently considerable to be noteworthy. Reports of torture and rape have a habit of flowing in whenever such situations as that in the Congo occur – particularly, of course, rape of white by black. They may well be true. So may be the reports of the raping of nuns, although anyone whose memories go back to the First World War may be forgiven for recalling that nuns had a habit of appearing in many similarly widely-publicised atrocity stories which did not always stand up to later examination. What is particularly worthy of mention in this instance is the apparent disparity between what some of the correspondents of the more 'popular' papers reported and what those of some of the more 'serious' papers thought authentic enough to include in their dispatches.

On Friday the *Mail*, in a report from its correspondent in Léopoldville under the headline 'I See the Shame in Eyes of Once Happy Wives', reported at some length and in considerable detail with many quotations from white women, stories of torture and rape on a widespread scale by Congolese soldiers. The *Daily Express* carried a similar story. In this case, however, it was a second-hand story based on a statement by a Dutch priest – not an interview with women themselves said to have been attacked. The *Express* story included allegations of the raping of nuns. Of this the *Mail* story made no mention. The *News Chronicle* reported in a story date-

lined Léopoldville, but not attributed to its own correspondent and presumably compounded from various agency reports, that a number of white women 'waited in vain to tell the Congolese leaders how they had all been raped repeatedly by Congolese soldiers'. It quoted the wife of a Belgian ex-administrator as stating that she had been raped between 20 and 30 times and that a seven-year-old girl had been raped 'about 20 times'. This same woman was also quoted as stating that three nuns had been raped.

On the same day the *Daily Telegraph's* special correspondent, James O'Driscoll, who has throughout been providing an excellent coverage of events, made no mention of stories of rape by Congolese soldiers in his report – which was otherwise more comprehensive than any other. And the only reference to them in a short Reuter story printed at the end of his dispatch was the report that a Belgian man had shouted at Mr Lumumba: 'Why don't you go and see the women who have been raped?' This was also the only reference to the stories of rape in *The Times*, the *Daily Herald* and the *Guardian*. Nor have there been any subsequent reports.

There can be no doubt that the reports published in the *Mail*, the *Express* and the *News Chronicle*, and given particular space with appropriate headlines in the first two, were based on statements made by informants either reporting second-hand as in the case of the *Express*, or claiming to recount personal experiences as in the case of the *Mail*. It would be interesting to know whether the correspondents of those papers which made no mention of them knew of these allegations. And if so whether they did not regard them as sufficiently substantiated to include in their cables. Or did they just miss the story?

From this distance it is impossible to judge whether reports of a kind that tend to crop up in all disturbances of this nature and which form part of the permanent mythology of atrocity stories are, in this instance, accurate or not. But, in view of their highly charged emotive content and impact on public opinion in a situation of this kind, it is to be hoped that there will be an opportunity when things quieten down for a more complete investigation of the highly publicised reports of mass rape. Meanwhile what happened depends on what newspaper you read. As was to be expected a number of newspapers, among which the *Express* has naturally been particularly prominent, used the situation in the Congo as a warning of the danger of offering self-government to African peoples as a whole. A leading article in the *Guardian* on Monday dealing with the African contribution to the United Nations force provided an appropriate comment. It criticised Belgium for 'her scandalous handling of the Congo's independence' (but 'not for trying to rescue people in danger'), declared that it cannot 'simplify the job of those in Rhodesia and Nyasaland who are working for a sensible solution of racial problems', and emphasised the danger of 'creating an administrative vacuum'. But it pertinently pointed out that: 'It is a token of the progress made in Africa – and a rebuff to those who opposed it – that troops should be upholding the will of the United Nations from independent countries which five years ago did not exist'.

Adlai's Sunset Boulevard

ANTHONY HOWARD

'Well, at least it's over for another four years'. The comment (accompanied by a sigh of relief) came last week from an elderly, over-weight Congressman who had just stumped round the Los Angeles sports arena playing his part in a heroically boisterous demonstration for a forlorn favourite son. The Congressman – who hitherto bore a reputation for impeccable dignity – had done his stoical best; but the wan smile, the weary expression, the tired tread all combined to compel admiration for his later explanation as to why these things had to be.

That explanation did not cover everything. It left out of account, for example, the Utah steam engine that blew off with a splendid impartiality on behalf of all four principal candidates; nor did it seek to excuse the expensive efforts of hired mercenaries – the band and cheer leaders who are the Wallensteins of American politics. Moreover it claimed not to have heard the exasperated remark of Governor LeRoy Collins (the Convention's permanent chairman): 'How can we expect to elect a President of the United States if we behave like a bunch of hoodlums?' That perhaps was too near the outside world's impression to be discreet.

Otherwise, however, the Kansas Congressman's defence followed the familiar pattern. A political national convention, he argued, represented the one quadrennial force that could weld together 50 sovereign states, four duchies, and a host of petty baronies (like those in Cook County and Tammany Hall) into a single electoral army. A certain amount of tumult and shouting was surely not too high a price to pay for that formidable achievement. And anyway when the tumult and shouting had died – when the delegates had packed their bags and the last sad banners had been cast into the incinerator – the fact remained that a truly democratic choice had been made for 'the greatest office on God's earth'.

Significantly perhaps, it is this last argument that is seldom questioned in the United States; even Mr Truman's raising of a doubt about the free nature of this year's Democratic Congress seems to have been dismissed as a singularly un-American activity. The red-faced, hoarse-voiced orators hurling their thunder-bolts of earnestness and ecstasy into a hubbub of general milling inattention, the solemn parade of the surpassing human virtues of each separate favourite son, the recurring concessions to the spirit of the Chelsea Arts Ball are all excused (if a little shamefacedly) as the necessary grace-notes to the crashing final chord of the American people's free electoral choice. Like Barnum's drum, the noisy preliminaries are claimed to exist solely in order to persuade the audience to roll up for the greatest show on earth – which, of course, is an American presidential election.

One after another the television commentators in Los Angeles last week would assure the watching millions that everything here was clean, decent and above board. The bad old days of the party bosses, it was repeatedly announced, had gone for ever – submerged perhaps under the weight of guilt by association with Mr Krushchev and Chou En-lai. Delightedly the present-day impotence of men like Mr Carmine de Sapio of New York and Governor Brown of California was pointed out. And one group of understandably perplexed delegates even found itself being asked on an early morning television programme whether it was not a problem to sleep at night when faced with the responsibility of casting a half vote apiece for the freedom of the world.

Probably more than any other factor this prevailing conviction that the system (for all its excesses) was the crowning glory of the American way of life accounted for the revolution by stealth that took place in Los Angeles last week. It was certainly true that the power of the bosses – and the traditional legend of the smoke-filled rooms – took a bad beating in the surprisingly cool arena and in the clinically air-conditioned rooms of the hotels of the Far West. But it did so merely because the old-world party managers had been beaten at their own game.

Naturally they tried to put up a brave show. In the hall they sat with their arms folded gallantly trying to look like king-makers but in reality trying desperately to disguise the fact that they had been trussed and bound like the most gullible night-watchman in a bank raid. And only at moments of threatened crisis – when affection threatened discipline – would a smooth young man move in to take his place behind the broad but hollow shoulders of a delegation leader. The young man with his walkie-talkie set might look for all the world like a comparatively innocent member of the press. But far from being an observer, he was in fact one of the most powerful activists in the arena. He was a member of Senator Kennedy's campaign staff.

Last week that staff introduced a new managerial revolution into American politics. The determination to treat each delegate as an individual, the dossiers recording the needs and the wants (rather than the indiscretions) of everyone of those who had a vote to cast, the constantly flashing short-wave wireless reports on market research were all far away from the world of James Farley. Cajoling had taken the place of brow-beating; the soft-sell had taken over from the hard.

The greatest triumph of the new technique was probably to be seen in the efforts of those who were still playing the game the old way. The saddest sights in Los Angeles were the campaign headquarters of Senators Lyndon Johnson and Stuart Symington. The motions were gone through, the tricks were played, the trumps were brought out – and nothing happened. By the end Senator Johnson (whose reward with the Vice-Presidential trinket set the seal on the new business method) had all the appearance of an increasingly pathetic Archie Rice – 'I have a go, ladies and gentlemen, I have a go'; and Senator Symington (who allowed his tongue to hang out for the reward he was not to get)

80,038

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had resignedly taken his role as the last of the Forsytes. No surrender could have been more unconditional; no victory more complete.

And yet it was almost spoiled – not in the sense that it was ever seriously threatened with failure, but because it came near to being exposed. At Los Angeles something went badly wrong with the American electoral symphony; and it went wrong because of the man the vote-getters were determined to forget. Adlai Stevenson is an improbable political hero, and for the real 'pros' he was perhaps never anything more than a good martyr for a bad year. But to the chanting thousands in the galleries and to the Aldermaston-type marchers outside he was clearly something very much more than that. He had, as he himself confessed from the top of an ancient bus to his followers on the night he made his triumphant personal appearance in the arena, become 'a symbol'.

Most American commentators expressed themselves puzzled about what exact type of symbol he was, but to the foreign observer the answer seemed simple – if brutal. For all their political innocence, the 'draft Stevenson' campaigners had perhaps a harsher recognition of reality than most of the delegates in the Convention hall. The real basis of their movement was a protest against machine politics, born of an awareness that the new gentler type of vote-manipulation was in reality no different from the old. The bonds might be made of silk, but they were bonds just the same. The venerable, aged liberals and the young idealists joined together in a last desperate bid to make the words that rang to the roof in the Convention hall come true. When they failed they lifted their banners and departed silently. Perhaps the best epitaph on the 1960 Democratic Convention was the picture of Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt walking out almost alone into the night as Senator Kennedy strode purposefully towards the arc lights. At that moment even the fun seemed neither good nor clean.

Happy Days?

ROBERT BENDINER

Almost to the very end of this presidential convention it seemed impossible for the Democrats to wind up their proceedings in a spirit of general recrimination. As these conclaves go, it had been a listless affair moving toward a pre-ordained end, which the delegates, though not the spectators, accepted without either hostility or enthusiasm. But Democrats, by tradition, love to have a go at each other before they take on the enemy, and by the time they left this City of the Angels, their new leader, Senator John F. Kennedy, had found a way to shock the party's liberals, depress its Negro following, and embarrass the trade union chieftains who had done so much to help his nomination.

This sizeable achievement may be credited to Kennedy's surprise decision to offer the Vice-Presidential nomination to Senator Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas. It should be said at once that LBJ, as he loves to be called, is far from being a Faubus or even a particularly nostalgic son of the Confederacy. The soul of moderation, he is a parliamentary man who has made a career out of compromise, not only on the civil rights of Negroes, but on practically every issue that has divided the United States in his period as majority leader. Superficially a case could, and vociferously has, been made out that the party's liberal-labour wing should therefore have accepted the choice gracefully as a harmless good-will gesture toward the southerners, who do, after all, belong to the same queer political amalgamation. But it is at this very point that the special nature of the Kennedy candidacy complicated the picture.

As far as the liberals of the party were concerned, Kennedy was a compromise to begin with. Hardboiled eggheads that they were, they had been whipping up second-class enthusiasm for a second-choice candidate. A Stevenson-Kennedy ticket would have delighted their souls. A Kennedy-Humphrey ticket would have left them happy and a Kennedy-Symington ticket at least satisfied. But a Kennedy-Johnson combination, shifting the whole balance to the right, was a jolt. To the Stevensonian *New York Post* the 'symbolic quality' of Kennedy's move was the shock, rather than any 'political villainies' on Johnson's part, though the paper lashed out at the Texan's 'heavy responsibility for the Congressional stalemate' and his reluctance to take the Administration to task for its fiascos abroad.

The position of the union chiefs was different and more complicated. Avoiding the traditional open alliance with liberals, independents and emotional amateurs, they had taken to the wily stratagems used by other big special-interest groups. With no stomach for another top-lofty Stevenson campaign and no belief that Humphrey could win the nomination, let alone the election, they had decided months ago that only Kennedy could beat the conservative Johnson at the convention and only Kennedy could beat Nixon in November.

The course, therefore, was to enlist early in the game under the Kennedy banner and to use their very considerable power, in a quiet way, to advance his cause and effect his obligation. To this end David McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, and Thomas P. Kennedy, chief of the United Mine Workers, helped to deprive Stevenson of the support of Governor Lawrence, who headed the powerful and strategic Pennsylvania delegation. To this end Walter Reuther spent his days in Los Angeles persuading labour delegates that however mild they might be about Kennedy, he was preferable by far to the alternative, Lyndon Johnson.

Naturally, when Kennedy's first move on nomination was to make Johnson a potential President, the tremors were severe. One union leader went on record to report himself 'stunned and shocked', but most of his colleagues, having little choice, pretended to approve the selection. Significantly, the AFL-CIO officially decided, all the same, to postpone its formal endorsement of the ticket.

Why did Kennedy launch his election campaign with a gamble of such magnitude? There is little doubt that the civil rights plank in the platform, by far the strongest ever adopted, had embittered the southerners and opened the prospect of Texas, Florida, and the border states going Republican. The addition of Johnson to the ticket would certainly ease the strain except perhaps in Mississippi, where even LBJ is regarded as barely distinguishable from the agents of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People.

On the other hand, the liberals and unionists might sulk in their tents for a bit; but, as James A. Farley put it, 'Who are they going to vote for – Nixon?' Tens of thousands of Negroes in the north may do precisely that, seriously reducing the pluralities the Democrats need in the cities if they are to offset the rural Republican vote. Unless Kennedy puts on the kind of campaign that causes them to forget their wounds, moreover, a great many liberals and independents may respond to the Farley question by not voting at all.

Fortunately Kennedy is capable of putting on exactly that kind of campaign. True, his oratory is rarely gripping – too often it is perfunctory in manner, marked by a poor sense of timing, and given to historical references of a sophomoric sort – but it is usually redeemed by candour, a lively intelligence, a determination to act rather than drift, and, above all, a sense of destiny.

Some of Kennedy's intellectual friends are fond of comparing their man with the early Roosevelt. He too was a wealthy charmer with a marked political flair, they point out, and the pundits quickly wrote him off as a lightweight. If Kennedy picked Johnson of Texas as his running mate, they add, let's not forget that Roosevelt picked Garner of Texas. It is true that these are trifling items, and it is true that Roosevelt had to take Garner to get the nomination while Kennedy made his choice *after* he had already been nominated. But if Kennedy feels the parallel – and he seems to – he can only be the better for it. When he appears, the band even strikes up the old Roosevelt campaign song, 'Happy Days Are Here Again'. And, who knows, maybe they are.

Report on the Congo

BASIL DAVIDSON

For anyone who has watched the Belgians blunder from one blind error to the next these last ten years in the Congo, it is doubtless very tempting to say I-told-you-so. They were always so knowing, so complacent, so sure they were right. *Les noirs, on les connaît* . . . But the temptation should be resisted. For the Congo breakdown is an all-round disaster, and the end of the damage is not yet in sight.

One must insist, even so, that this was not an unforeseen disaster. Its immediate causes – whether Belgian or Congolese – may lie in the past two or three years: nobody who knows the Congo will doubt that its ultimate roots go deeper than that. They go down into the black despair of the bad old days of Leopold's Congo Free State, to the forced collection of rubber and the horrors that Conrad sketched unforgettably in his *Heart of Darkness*, to the attitude of rape and conquest that marred Belgium's first appearance in these lands not much more than 60 years ago, or less than the lifetime of a long-lived man.

The worst excesses of the Free State were ended, to the honour of the Belgian parliament, in 1908; unfortunately, the essence of the Leopoldian system was carried over into colonial times. This lay in a conviction that the Belgian was a highly superior and advanced adult, and the African a markedly inferior and backward child. No matter what social services the Belgian colonial government might install – and they were far from idle – there was never at any point a serious and collective effort to treat the Congolese as a natural and effective equal, and accept him as such.

This paternalism – this impregnable condescension – was most clearly seen in the field of education. Elementary schooling: yes. Secondary schooling: well, perhaps . . . though with a strong bias to the seminary. But higher education? No! And above all, *not* in Europe. Some years ago I was talking about this to a Belgian friend who was for many years a key executive of one of Belgium's biggest mining companies. Why, I asked him, don't you allow Congolese to study in Belgian universities? He gave me a reply which really says everything. 'I am entirely against their coming here. The reason is that here these Africans would be treated as friends – whereas in the Congo they are not. They would become a political nuisance . . .'

Hence, no real contact at any level. Add to this a steadfast refusal, until a year or so ago, to allow *any* form of political organisation among Africans. Put this against a background of immediate repression of *every* manifestation of African political life – whether it took a directly political form or, as was usually the case, found channels of release in messianic congregations. Remember the repression was so severe and unrelenting that there were nearly 4,000 political prisoners (mainly of the messianic sort) in the Congo eight years ago. Balance all this up and one can see that to lack of contact there was added, on both sides, a banked-up flood of mutual suspicion, fear, and slow-growing fury.

The dam broke, as everyone knows, in Léopoldville at the beginning of last year. Just why it broke remains obscure and scarcely matters: the results were upheaval on the African side, ruthless shooting on the Belgian side, and then, in the shocked silence that came after, a sudden Belgian realisation that things could never be the same again.

At this point one feels that a peculiarity of the Belgian character made itself felt. A calm and settled people, amazingly efficient in the ways and doings of everyday life, the Belgians seem dangerously liable to panic in a crisis. It is hard to resist the view that they panicked in 1959. Having for years done nothing to 'prepare the Congolese for running their own affairs' – see any UN Trusteeship Council debate – they suddenly began rushing everything. The consequence, of course, was muddle. On top of that, there were divided councils. Some wished to go fast; others wished to go less fast; many did not wish to go at all. To the very last, so far as I can find out, the Belgians who mattered in the Congo (certain key administrators, visiting ministers, the men of the *Sûreté*, influential businessmen) held aloof from Lumumba; refused to treat him consistently as the only effective national leader they could find (and this, whatever his shortcomings, he undoubtedly was); and thereby helped to snap the last frail threads of orderly political transition.

Yet there was a chance – even, with luck, a goodish chance – that Lumumba might have pulled it off. He had got himself into working partnership with the strong Bakongo leader, Kasavubu. He had gathered a team of new men from many regions and several parties in this vast and various country. The odds were never in his favour; but he might have done it. Then came the only thing that nobody foresaw. With the mutiny of the *Force Publique*, the last slender hope of success was swept irremediably away.

Why did the *Force Publique* mutiny? With one or two honourable exceptions (notably the *Daily Mail* and the *Economist*), the newspaper reporting from the Congo, or from countries round the Congo, has been appallingly bad; and it will be long before the full story can be pieced together. But the main lines nonetheless emerge. The *Force Publique*, it is well to recall, differed from all other African armies in two respects: it was much bigger than any other, but it possessed no single African officer. Worse, its Belgian officers had no tradition of fighting comradeship with their African other ranks; and the relations of sympathy and pride between officers and men that have generally existed in British Indian or French African regiments were almost completely lacking. We can now see, indeed, that other ranks resented and even hated their officers; for the indubitable atrocities in the Congo these last few days (and there have certainly been some, though far fewer, one may think, than the general hysteria among Europeans has suggested) were mostly by African soldiers against their Belgian officers and wives. The accent, even there, seems not to have been on cruelty, but on humiliation. These soldiers, it would appear, wished to 'get their own back'. Being an army trained for tough tactics against unarmed civilians, and deliberately kept free of any national or political loyalty – being, that is, the next remove to a gang of thugs – they got their own back after the manner of thugs. In doing so, they dragged the Congo into frantic chaos.

The last act is far from played. Meanwhile, the tensions build and strain toward fresh calamities. The Belgian bid for an independent Katanga can only stir new tides of

suspicion, resentment, and confusion. Even if Tsombe may be regarded as a genuine nationalist with a significantly large African following – and this is doubtful – it is quite clear that an independent Katanga, where the real power must stay in Belgian hands, could never be a stable entity. Scarcely less foolish are Belgian attempts to excuse the collapse in the Congo by painting Lumumba as a Communist. One must hope that the wiser heads in Brussels know better than this. Yet only last Sunday the special correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, evidently reporting on influential Belgian opinion, felt able to explain without equivocation that the real battle in the Congo was 'between East and West' – which, despite Lumumba's threats to call in Communist aid, is an over-simplification of truly Welensky-like dimensions.

Still, there is one bright side to a picture of otherwise unrelieved gloom. There is General Alexander and his handful of Ghana troops (men *and* officers), putting things quietly to rights, fending off Belgian paratroops, bawling out Congolese mutineers, and daily growing stronger with new contingents of African troops: Africa, at last, sorting out the affairs of Africa. And maybe, it is this, in the long run, that will after all prove the biggest event of these desperate weeks.

London Diary

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Lord Hailsham's occupation of the Ministry of Science has been the longest silence in his history. Meditating perhaps on the Doomsday Weapon? This, which appears to offer some slight advance on the 20-megaton bomb, has been filtering into the speculative background of the news lately. Its name is sometimes coupled with the new prospective death ray. (This, it is suggested, will be an amplified beam of light.) One might have thought the 20-ton megaton bomb was near enough to the ultimate. One, as Dr Linus Pauling tells us, is guaranteed to destroy all life over an area of 7,000 square miles. Why so much fuss about methods of delivering, whether by aircraft or rocket? Surely if one bomb can do so much the simplest way is to plant it in advance. You leave it in the station cloakroom in the hostile capital, or in the cellar of the British Council. Of course this presupposes an electronic fuse that can be detonated by a code signal from a distance, but that should be child's play.

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I had a feeling Mr Justice Davies might find in favour of the Black Box or rather its inventor. Was there not something mildly piquant about this judgment being announced on the first day of the Royal Society's tercentenary celebrations? But the mystagogues, obscurantists and mumbo-jumbo men of the radionics fringe should not be too jubilant. The judge expressly stated that it had not been proved that the box worked, either for diagnosis or treatment. Not even the staunchest rationalist, however, could help admiring the skill and other-worldly eloquence with which Christmas Humphreys conducted the defence. He was thoroughly in his element from the start. In his final speech he coined a masterly phrase to the effect that 'round the sphere of orthodox medicine there were many concentric circles.' They should publish the verbatim report of this richly curious case. Meanwhile, I suggest that as counter-therapy after an excess of radionics, all the medical witnesses for the defence should visit the Third International Medical Electronics Conference at Olympia.

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Here is another barber story, a historical one. It concerns the first state visit of the Shah of Persia – no relative of the present king of kings – to the court of Queen Victoria. (And it has no bearing on the projected royal visit to Teheran.) In the small hours of the morning a watchman, making the rounds of Buckingham Palace, came upon a procession of four Persians carrying a corpse. The Persians indicated by signs that they wished to dispose of it. The watchman, shocked, ordered them to stand while he summoned authority. The Prince of Wales was alerted at Marlborough House. He hurried over and demanded an explanation. It transpired that the corpse was that of the Shah's barber. While shaving his master for the state banquet, he had cut him badly, so badly that the cut had gone on bleeding during dinner, causing his imperial majesty much inconvenience. He had therefore given orders for the barber to be strangled. The Prince behaved with characteristic diplomacy. He read the Shah a sharp lecture on the undesirability of barbarous practices for export. He summoned directly after breakfast a meeting of the Board of the Green Cloth, the body that regulates the internal affairs of the Royal Household. An inquest was held on the barber's corpse and a verdict of accidental death was passed. This story was told to me by a knowledgable old Edwardian gossip long since dead. It belongs to the kind of history which Voltaire was referring to as the patter of slippers on back staircases.

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Nothing like beach pollution at holiday time for inducing a sharp fit of misanthropy. Especially when officialdom is so complacent. But one has known for years now that the sea's capacity as dump and detergent was being overstrained – locally at any rate. Even the Pacific complained. You may remember Aldous Huxley's account in *Adonis And The Alphabet* of a walk in 1939 with Thomas Mann along a glittering expanse of Californian sand. And their gradual discovery that 'offshore from this noble beach was the outfall through which Los Angeles discharged, raw and untreated, the contents of its sewers' The trouble is the modern subtopian hominid has such elaborate by-products. There is also that cosmetic taste. This used to be a speciality of the mediterranean *plage*, the tideless dolorous, close inshore; today there must be a good many billion molecules of suntan lotion swanning around the channel coast, tangling with the diesel oil and others. Never mind. Dirt, as poor Swift could never realise, is only matter in the wrong place. More traumatic is the rape of the once secluded spot. Ladram Bay, for instance; between Sidmouth and Budleigh Salterton, approximately a quarter of a mile wide. In the Twenties and Thirties, even on a Sunday in August, it seldom contained more than 30 people. On a recent pilgrimage there, after passing through a square of hut-shops and a sizeable caravan town, I calculated not less than 3,000 persons on the beach. My dog took fright at the clamour, darted into the sea and retrieved an unmentionable object. These and allied overcrowding problems are among the lesser insolubles of modern life. Ask a travel agent for the remotest beach in the world. He might very well tell you Bora Bora in the Iles Sous Le Vent a hundred miles or so from Tahiti. It is estimated, however, that since the visits of American ships during the war, there are 50,000 Coca Cola bottles in the lagoon at Bora Bora; so be careful where you tread.

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The medical profession's attitude as a body towards Nye Bevan was always, to put it mildly, ambivalent. It had the grace to eschew hypocrisy in its tributes to him. The *British Medical Journal* in a leading article referred to Bevan as 'the most brilliant Minister of Health this country has ever had', but it was careful to place this compliment in its context in a condensed history of the profession's disputes with the Minister. It was quite generous in acknowledging his thoroughness in finding out the facts about medical practice and the hospital system for himself. But it doubted whether 'he really understood the professional mind and the professional man. For him the NHS was at the very centre of politics, and we believe that most medical men would think that that is not the place for a profession practising an art and pursuing a science'. (How delighted Shaw, to say nothing of Bevan himself, would have been by this last sentence.) Lord Moran, in a warmly affectionate note, described Bevan's methods of getting information by a series of individual conversations. But he too was careful to withhold approval from the achievement: 'After all, it is the colour and magic of Bevan's personality, what he was, and not what he did, that men will remember'.

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Matrimonial advertisements sometimes offer a rich field for speculation. Here is one that caught my eye in one of those local papers that consist mainly of flats to let and wanted. I suppose it might be a joke although the advertiser repeats that it is genuine, and that he is genuinely seeking marriage. Equally, it might be a significant symptom of the affluent society:

> I am a young company director, aged 26, completely fed up with gold-diggers, would like to meet a very pretty young lady with nice figure and average intelligence. The advertiser has an income in excess of £5,000 a year and owns a Rolls Royce and a Jaguar XK 150. I am very keen on motoring and the ideal girl should like fast cars and not be a back-seat driver at the same time. My other main interests are films and records. I like Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis, Ella Fitzgerald and even Elvis Presley. But not any of the other stars of the rock-and-roll era. I have my own cabin cruiser at Maidenhead, and in nice weather I like to go sailing. I live in a luxury flat in the heart of Mayfair, and though I can't cook I can manage to open tins. I like having parties, so the ideal girl should be quite willing to clear up the debris afterwards . . .

This seems to be about as near living in a TV commercial as you can get. It also reminds me, now I come to think of it, of a celebrated wish-fulfilment monologue by Peter Chamberlain – what's become of him? – that appeared in this journal in the Thirties.

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In these apocalyptic days one likes to speculate about which animal might conceivably succeed us as the dominant species. The rat was J. B. S. Haldane's tip: clever, adaptable, not yet too specialised to evolve. I used to mutter down dark alleys an encouraging pan-rodent slogan: 'Sewer rats of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your drains!' Now I read reports of the dolphin so glowing they suggest there may already be a cetacean culture superior to

our own. According to an American physiologist, Dr Lilly, the bottle-nosed dolphin's brain contains more cells than a man's. In one lesson dolphins learn to avoid an electric shock by turning off a switch with their beaks. Dr Lilly maintains they communicate in a sound language; he seriously suggests learning it. This reads like a Silly Season story; no doubt it is partly cod. But there is no question that dolphins are highly intelligent animals. I should like to think the Arion myth was based on a real ride. This must have been the mediterranean species, *Delphinus delphis*. The most famous dolphin in modern history is Pelorus Jack (Risso's Dolphin, *Grampius griseus*). About the turn of the century he used to greet ships passing through Pelorus Sound in New Zealand waters by slapping his tail against their hulls. One day a malign passenger fired a shot at him. He missed. Pelorus Jack learned his lesson; he kept his distance after that. Good luck to all intellectual dolphins everywhere; may they survive the fall out.

* * *

The Chinese have already got automatic blast furnaces which are bigger and better than any in the United States. This report comes not from a returned fellow traveller, but from the Information Officer of the United Steel Companies. How long before they make their own bomb? August Bank Holiday, I should think. But here a ray of hope comes from one of the more improbable quarters. Students of Nostradamus point out that he foretold Chinese flying machines over Paris. This, I am told, is now being optimistically interpreted as implying a fully powered Summit conference in the not too distant future. Meanwhile, from Moscow the *Evening Standard* – not the *Daily Worker* – has news of an automatic machine that can build a five-storey block of flats with only eight men to handle it. Said to be already operating. No use exporting Irish labourers.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

On holiday in Bigbury in South Devon my wife placed some rubbish in a litter basket.

A few seconds later we were approached by a car-park official who asked us to deposit our litter at our hotel in future.

'Somebody has to be paid to empty those baskets,' he told us. – Letter in *Sunday Pictorial*. (C. P. Jones.)

Through the wrought lattice window of the converted palace the sunlight falls in chequered pattern on the flooring tiles. The muezzin's cry has faded. Thoughtfully the political adviser to this Middle Eastern ruler considers the open copy of *The Times Weekly Review*.

That leading article supplies the arguments he needs. How can it best be re-phrased in his native tongue?

As he begins to draft his memorandum his thoughts linger agreeably on the English friend, met at Oxford, who still regularly sends him *The Times Weekly Review*. – Advt in *The Times*. (G. S. Ecclestone.)

'K' has been an initial of ill omen for us.

The troubles started with the Kalifa; then came Kruger, then Kaiser – I do not know why not Kitler – then in quick succession Kabaka, Kikuyu, Kenyatta, Kimauthi, and Krushchev.

I sincerely hope that Kennedy will be the exception, but I have never heard that either he or his father was violently pro-British. – Letter in *Daily Mail*. (R. K. Pollard.)

Murder in Caracas

PAUL JOHNSON

If I wished to have Mr Harold Macmillan assassinated, I should have very little difficulty recruiting a team of experts in the Caribbean – for a consideration. A sum of from £50,000 to £100,000 (preferably payable in gold) would secure me, in any one of half-a-dozen cities, such as Cuidad Trujillo, Port au Prince, Havana, Caracas, or even Miami, a posse of practical assassins, competent to work with pistol, telescopic rifle, machine-gun or high explosive. There is at this moment in Venezuela, for instance, a senior dynamite expert who worked under Peron, and at least three professional small-arms killers. There are dozens of ex-SS officers, two or three members of Mussolini's bodyguard, ex-suicide pilots from Japan, survivors from the Vichy *milice*, and even, it is said, some officers from the Rumanian Iron Guard, at various Caribbean cities.

I gained my small insight into the mechanics of Caribbean assassination during a recent visit to Caracas, when I saw them in action. The incident is worth recounting in some detail, for it also tells us something about Caribbean politics, too. Broadly speaking, politics in this area is the pursuit of money. The object of a political team is to win power, by whatever means are available, in order not only to get its cut of the state funds, but to avail itself of the *douceurs* which the labyrinthine bureaucracy of Latin-America makes inevitable. As the second largest producer, and largest exporter, of oil in the world, with a budget running near the £1,000 million mark, Venezuela is indeed a prize worth having.

Moreover Venezuela has a history of political violence unique even in South America. Bolivar, who liberated it only to die in poverty, remarked bitterly: 'For these people a constitution is simply a book'. There have been 12 successful *coups d'état* since 1810 and scores of attempted ones. President Betancourt, elected in 1958, is the first constitutionally-elected president in its history to survive for more than a year. Moreover, he himself came to power following a *coup* by the armed forces; with the temporary recession in oil, Venezuela's national income is tending to decline, after doubling during the Fifties; credit is very tight in Caracas, and there is rising unemployment as workers are laid off the Babylonian public works projects launched by ex-Dictator Jimenez. All the elements of violence and discontent are present.

At half-past eight on the morning of Friday 24 June, President Betancourt was driving through Caracas to take the salute at an Army Day parade (an important engagement for a Latin-American president who wishes to complete his term). With him in the Cadillac were his wife, the Defence Minister, General Lopez, and his wife, Betancourt's ADC, Colonel Perez, and the chauffeur. As the car passed along the grandoise boulevard which leads to the armed forces memorial, a stationary Oldsmobile blew up. The Cadillac was wrecked. Betancourt sustained facial injuries, Lopez, his wife and the chauffeur were seriously burnt. Perez and a passer-by were killed. It was an expert job: the massive quantities of explosive in the Oldsmobile had been detonated by remote-control, by the use of microwaves.

I arrived in Caracas immediately after the *coup* to find an atmosphere of grim panic. I had immense difficulty in entering the country (my passport was immediately impounded on landing by a scarcely literate official, who waved off my protests with an airy '*Manana*'; it took me three days and a so-called 'fee' of £3 to get it back). And, once in Caracas, it proved impossible to get out. All exits by air, sea and land were closed; even Venezuela's 150 fishing-vessels were confined to harbour. At the docks, over 3,000 screaming and frightened passengers were waiting to board liners; by Monday, Pan-American Air Lines alone had 600 stranded. In Caracas the muggy air was tense. Armoured cars cut off the streets to the presidential palace. Scores of troops, toting sub-machine guns, patrolled the streets. It became apparent that neither I nor anyone else was going to get out of the country until most, if not all, the conspirators were behind bars.

Loud, therefore, were the orisons raised to Our Lady of Caracas that week-end: and they were promptly answered. The gang had made one crucial error. They had not stolen the Oldsmobile, nor had they removed or defaced its number plates. Perhaps they imagined nothing identifiable would survive the explosion. The plates were quickly traced to the owner, who promptly gave the name of one Manuel Vicente Yanes Bustamente, to whom he had lent it. Bustamente was easily picked up and confessed. Immediately this became known, a Captain Chavez, proprietor of a private airline called Ransa, gave himself up. He said that one of his planes, borrowed on a pretext by his sister, had been used in the plot. He was locked up too. That evening, a naval captain called Morales Luengo, who had held official position under Jimenez and had recently been exiled for anti-state activities, was arrested while attempting to seek asylum in the Haitian embassy. Luengo, oddly enough, turned out to be the brother-in-law of Chavez's sister. The rest followed thick and fast: Manual Sanoja, a professional agent of General Trujillo, the Dominican dictator; the pilot of the plane; and Lorenzo Mercado, one of the two men who actually carried out the dynamite attempt itself. His companion, a radio-technician and explosives expert called Luis Cabrera Sifontes, was finally run to earth a fortnight ago.

All these men, according to the Venezuelan authorities, have now confessed, so that we now possess a detailed account of how the assassination was planned and what would have followed had it succeeded. They were, it goes without saying, as pretty a bunch of pirates as ever infested the Caribbean. Sanoja, the Trujillo agent, has been active in half a dozen Caribbean republics; two of his sons have the distinction of being officers in Trujillo's personal bodyguard. Bustamente was wanted for a bank fraud of £1,500. Luengo had been involved, this spring, in another coup against Betancourt, led by General Castro Leon.

Luengo, acting on orders from Trujillo, appears to have planned the operation from his Dominican exile. The main difficulty was how to get himself and the explosives equipment into Venezuelan territory. This he solved through his brother, Angel Luengo, who put up his wife to persuade her brother, Chavez, to lend her a plane. Chavez was told that Captain Luengo was seriously ill in Cuidad Trujillo, and that the family were anxious to visit him without going through all the fuss of getting permission from the government (the two countries have broken off diplomatic relations). Chavez agreed and the plane was lent. It stayed only a few hours in Cuidad Trujillo, long enough to be loaded up with

This will be Brazil tomorrow: architect Niemeyer's model of the banking quarter of Brasília, the new capital city which is already—since 21st April—the seat of the government.

Giant on the march

POWER SPELLS PROSPERITY FOR BRAZIL IN THE 'SIXTIES

It's hard to believe that the United States of Brazil are bigger than the United States of America, and form the fourth largest country in the world.

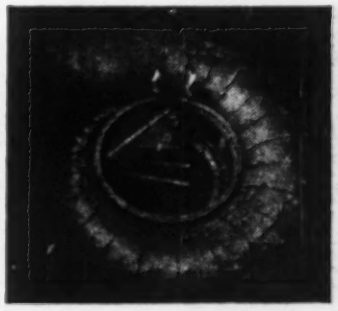
Yet, for all its immensity and potential wealth, Brazil is only halfway through the great leap in development which, without any doubt, will make her one of the leading nations in the world.

How do we measure a country's development? The economist's standard of prosperity is *the consumption of electric power per head of population.* In Brazil this is low as yet, but rapidly rising. The National Development Plan will raise Brazil's generating capacity by 5 million kilowatts to around 8 million in 1965. Even this will be only a fraction of the estimated potential—45 million kilowatts by hydro-electric generation alone!

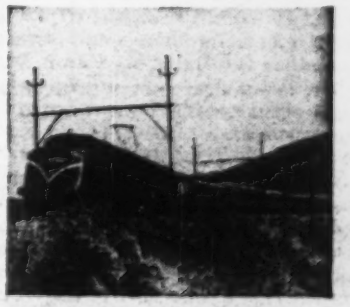
The future holds boundless hopes for the 63 million people of Brazil, based not only on her massive power resources, but on her investment in new industries, improved communications and the extraction of her mineral riches.

English Electric in Brazil. Well in the picture in all these developments comes The English Electric Company. English Electric has enjoyed long association with Brazil—dating back to the 1920's, when the company electrified the Campos do Jordão Railway in São Paulo state. Since then, English Electric has supplied generating plant, electric and diesel-electric locomotives and equipment for railway electrification, and machine drives and other plant for industry. In the new drive to harness Brazil's power resources, English Electric has almost completed extensive contracts for the big Ponte Coberta hydro-electric power station near Rio de Janeiro.

In every branch of power production—*generating*, *distributing* and *using* electrical energy—English Electric equipment is at work. And while English Electric gains in Brazil further valuable experience, which it can use for work in other countries and at home, Brazil knows it can depend on the specialized knowledge and technical resources which lie behind every contract with English Electric.



The spiral casing for one of two 68,500-h.p. water turbines during manufacture by English Electric for the Ponte Coberta hydro-electric plant of Rio Light S.A., near Rio de Janeiro.



On the Santos to Jundiaí Railway, sixteen 3,000-h.p. English Electric locomotives enabled schedule times to be cut by 40%. They were supplied under a comprehensive contract for main line electrification.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

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Luengo, Sanoja (plus his $100,000) and the explosive and complex killing equipment. Then it flew back to a remote airstrip in Venezuela. The gang met for the first time in full strength at a country estate some 100 miles from Caracas, chosen because a great deal of blasting was being carried out in the neighbourhood. Here they tested the equipment, blowing up several cars (the remains of which were later found by the police). Then the gang moved to Caracas.

But the conspirators bungled. Sifontes was to work the detonator from some distance away, on receipt of a signal from Lorenzo Mercado, who was to raise his hat when the president's Cadillac reached the target area. In his nervousness, Mercado must have given the signal a second or so too soon: the main impact of the explosion struck the front part of the car, instead of the rear. Secondly, the Cadillac was a heavier car than any used in the test explosions; it was also loaded with six people. The force of the explosion should have turned it over, in which case all six would have been burnt to death. Instead, it remained upright—and the injured were able to escape.

Paradoxically, the assassination attempt has done Betancourt a power of good. Perez, the murdered ADC, was a popular figure in the army; his death, and the grave injuries inflicted on General Lopez, caused a wave of anger to sweep through the officer's corps, from which the president has benefited. He was also able to use the attempt to arrange a political truce with the other parties, and he will certainly use it, both at the UN and in the Organisation of American States, to bring political and economic pressure on the Dominican Republic and so hasten Trujillo's downfall. All in all, then, it looks as if Betancourt now has a distinct chance of completing his term of office. He may even manage to stay alive.

Café Society

ROY KERRIDGE

Me and Jenny sat in this little caff sucking at our Pepsi Colas and chatting on and off, as often as we could make ourselves heard above the hiss and roar of the Gaggia and the golden voice of Adam Faith telling us about 'Someone Else's Bibee' from the juke in the corner. Jenny's 15, a shop assistant, and she was telling me about her ex-boyfriend, a married burglar.

'He's got all tattoos all over him,' she said, 'even on his belly, where he got ripped up with a bottle in that fight; and now he's got "I Hate Cops" tattooed on his left arm. He's saving up 21 quid to have a Chinese dragon all over his back. Now he's going to divorce his wife, as she went on the streets last time he was in jail.'

'Sounds a charming fellow.'

'He's useful to know, you see, as the other day him and his clique bust into this warehouse, you see, and swiped a crate of champagne. Lovely.'

The old girl who runs the caff slopped past in her outsize slippers. Jenny was staring at the empty whisky bottles standing on the shelves as décor, with greasy candle stumps sticking in them.

'Where'd you get all those bottles?' she yelled out.

'Bought 'em. See – I drink a lot.'

'I'll say you do,' I said. 'Here, what this place really needs for décor is a painting or two on the walls, I'm keen at art, see. I went to art school for three weeks before they bunged me out – what say I do it for you?'

'No, ta – I dunno the sort of things you might paint. Any'ow, I got two art students, proper bohemian beatniks, beards and all, to do it for me. Myself, I like plain walls, but I wanna give this place some class. Don't want too many beatniks though – they're brainy, but they don't wash.'

'Seen this book, Jenny?' I asked, handing her a paperback. 'You're a jazz kid, so you oughter read it. Life story of Lady Day. She reminds me of you, somehow.'

'You don't wanna read that muck,' said an old workman from the next table; 'you wanna read war books. They tell a really fine story. When I was a kid we had something to fight for, what made men out of us. Now it's just pin-tables, jiving and coffee; I dunno.'

'I can't even bear to *think* about war, mate, and if one comes along, you can count me as a deserter.'

Just then Tim, Fred and May spilled in through the door, laughing noisily. Tim and Fred are both 17 and work in a builder's yard. May is 16, a virgin by choice and a machinist by trade. She was clad in a sack dress, Tim was in a dark, stripey Italian jacket, tight trousers and a Perry Como hairdo, while Fred was more soberly clad in a black suit, slim (but not *tight*) trousers, a white shirt and a slim red tie. All wore pointed Italian shoes, or winkle-pickers.

'Go on, let's 'ave a threepence', May begged of me, 'I wanna feed the record spinner.' I tossed her the coin and she put on 'Cathy's Clown'.

'Keen disc that,' observed Jenny, 'but not like jazz. If you ain't been bit by that jazz bug man, you just ain't been coolerised.' At these words of undoubted wisdom, a hipster character, aged about 30 and dressed in a snazzy Italian shirt, wheeled round from the pin-table he'd been bashing at all evening.

'First words of sense I heard this evening,' he said. 'Where I lived in Sydney, Australia, we used to have all-night dancing and carrying on to jazz bands every Saturday night.'

'Have that here, too, mate', replied Jenny. 'Not *every* Saturday, but now and again. Last one I went to, I didn't get home till 7.30 next morning, and was my Mum mad! My feet was all swole up something huge, as I'd been jiving all night barefoot, and I couldn't get my shoes on after and so I walked home that way, too. Now Mum says I can't go out at night any more. But when I got home from work today, she wasn't in, and I was locked out. So I've come straight up here.'

'There's some good jazz on the juke in this boozing club I go to,' said the Aussie. 'Like to come along?' They both sauntered off, arm in arm, chattering happily.

'Cor!' said May, 'I din't think Jenny was like that, I really din't! Cripes, she's only *known* 'im two minutes. Go on after, an' get 'er back.'

I made for the door, but the owner got there first and locked it till I'd paid the bill, and by then the pair were out of sight. That's what comes of skiving off too much.

'What're these clubs like?' Tim asked me.

'I only been to one – full of pimps and their birds, and all-in wrestlers and the like.'

'Oh, help,' wailed May, 'she'll be murdered or summink. What'll we *do*? We might never see her again!'

'They're probably having the time of their lives,' said Fred.

'That's what I'm afraid of. She's only 15.'

'I'll bet a million pounds that *he* doesn't know that,' I said. 'Still, why shouldn't she have her fun? It's her life, and like the saying goes – why make a big issue out of a little tissue?'

We were interrupted by the entrance of a youth, an Alsatian dog and a middle-aged woman, all of whom squelched down at a table near a hideous old slut called Mary, who is worn out from I'd say at least 50 years on the game.

'Oh, it's you is it?' snapped Mary at the dame, and she began to swear loudly at her. The dame replied by flinging her coffee cup over Mary's face and walking out, accompanied by youth and dog. Mary sat there with coffee all over her, screaming abuse in which the sixth letter of the alphabet was rather prominent.

'Cor, the poor ole slob,' said May. 'You know, I feel sorry for pros, specially beat-up ones like her.'

'It's the ponces you wanna be sorry for, me girl,' said Tim, 'cause the bird can sell her man to the Law anytime she wants, and they both know it.'

Mary went on screaming, so the owner went into the backroom.

'Gone to phone the law, I bet,' said Fred; 'an' where the law is, that's just where I ain't. See you.'

'Reckon I'll be wenting, too,' said Tim.

A squad car pulled up, and two officers came in. They seemed to treat the whole episode as a joke. 'Come along, Mary, there's a good girl,' one of them said cheerfully. They hustled her into the car, her shouting out something about being assaulted.

A minute later the youth, dog and dame entered and sat down as if nothing had happened. May persuaded me to go out and look for Jenny, and she came too. She shouted up at her Mum's window for permission to stay out longer (it was 11.30); her Mum screamed something back at her, and off we went, asking everyone if they knew of a near-by club, and mostly getting ribald answers.

'I can't let Jenny get into trouble,' said May, 'I'd do anything to keep her out of trouble. Myself, I'm a good girl, even if I get around a bit.'

Just then a car passed, and she shouted hysterically: 'There's Jenny tied up in the back! Oh, no she ain't. Sorry.'

'You know, Jenny'll be okay,' I said, 'as she's sexy and smart. She can make him bide his time if she wants him to.'

'Aren't I sexy, then?'

'Well, you don't walk with a wiggle, like.'

'Well, s'pose he's given her a drugged cigarette?'

'So what? Ordinary reefers can't do her much harm, only heroin, and it's only a few beatniks who take that.'

Just then Jenny and the Aussie swaggered past, still looking very cheerful.

'Jenny! I was worried about you!' cried May. 'What was the club like?'

'Lovely. I had some cherry brandy.'

'Very high-class place,' said the Aussie, agreeably. He seemed a good bloke.

Rather disappointed, May and I departed for our respective homes. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Jenny and the Aussie standing smooching in a doorway. I passed her house and a light was on upstairs—evidently her Mum was waiting up for her.

You flo tru ?

Old English proverb: "*All fluids flow*".

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Chairman

At last, nearly five months later than those in the know at the BBC were expecting it, the committee of enquiry into the future of broadcasting is set up. The terms of reference announced by the Postmaster General last week seem sufficiently comprehensive; and it is sensible that the BBC's charter (due to end on 30 June 1962) should be extended for two years, so that its end will coincide with that of the ten experimental years of commercial television.

Only Mr Grimond and Mr Crosland expressed one reservation about the PMG's statement: had he found, in Sir Harry Pilkington, the right chairman for this committee? Mr Crosland, deviating slightly leftwards, suggested that Sir Harry, 'because of his lifelong connection with large-scale industry, must inevitably have a strong bias in favour of advertising.' The PMG, naturally enough, did not agree. He was also perceptibly relieved to be able to assure Welsh MPs that one member of the committee would be a Welsh-speaking Welshman.

Within an hour of the announcement, a dozen newspapers had telephoned to ask Sir Harry Pilkington which his favourite TV programmes were, and had discovered only that he did not have much time for viewing or listening. Of course he refused to be interviewed: it would have been crazy for anyone just starting this job to have let slip a word that could be seized on by the Croslands (or the anti-Croslands) as evidence of bias.

I thought, none the less, that it would be interesting to find out what Sir Harry was like and whether he has the sort of mind required in the chairman of such a committee. On paper, he is, indeed, primarily an industrialist, and in a big way: chairman of the great family glass-making firm at St Helens, a director of the Bank of England, a former president of the FBI. But there is in his career at least one encouraging precedent for this appointment: he was chairman of the Royal Commission on Doctors' and Dentists' Pay, and, although his first meetings with the doctors' spokesmen are said by those who know him well to have been among the most painful encounters of his life, the report that ultimately emerged was broadly acceptable to all concerned. Moreover, his experience as a captain of industry would not necessarily predispose him in favour of ITV: during the House of Lords debates on the Television Act, one of the most telling speeches against commercial television came from Lord Moyne (of Guinness), and it happens that Pilkingtons do not use this medium for advertising. Sir Harry took no exception, in any case, to Mr Crosland's query: 'perfectly fair', he says. Asked if he might not even lean over backwards to avoid such bias, he replies: 'I hope not to lean over at all.'

His main qualification for the job, however, is that he knows practically nothing about television. He 'had no idea', he says, 'that there was all this contention about it.' It was not until the day after his appointment was announced that he first heard of the highly technical report, recently published, of the Television Advisory Committee, which his committee will have to study. On that day, too, he first learned that Selwyn Lloyd (whom he knew when they were at Cambridge together) had signed a one-man minority report dissenting from the findings of the Beveridge committee on broadcasting and advocating commercial television, and that the Government had rejected the majority findings and accepted Lloyd's. He was even puzzled, when first approached in connection with this chairmanship, by references to the Beveridge report, associated in his mind (as, probably, in most people's) only with social security.

Neither the technical obscurity of the TAC report nor the prospect that his committee might not achieve unanimity (and that the Government might again ignore the majority) worries him. He believes that 'technical data are usually reducible to what is comprehensible to the man in the street.' He is a firm chairman, and would not allow the opinion of one member of his committee to be called a minority report: it would have the status, at most, of a 'dissenting opinion'. What the Government does with his report afterwards means nothing to him: 'one simply does the job – I think it's implied that it will be taken seriously, but one expects neither thanks nor acceptance.' Nor does he propose to read the whole of the Beveridge report, much of which is out-dated by the coming of ITV. He is having the essential passages marked up now: 'it's better to read a hundred pages, and remember them, than a thousand that may not all be relevant.'

At first sight, ignorance of the workings of television might not seem to be an advantage in this job. But one has only to consider for a moment the position of the chairman of this committee if he *had* taken a deep interest in the subject, and had therefore, almost inevitably, come to conclusions of his own, and perhaps become involved in some way with either the BBC or the ITA, to see how impossible it would be. It really is better that he should have an open mind – if, as seems to be the case here, that mind is also a direct, questioning, and self-critical one. Any reasonably intelligent man, after all, can mug up the facts about a subject in a few months' intensive study; and the object of having an open mind, as G. K. Chesterton said, is to be able to close it on something solid.

Sir Harry would be quite ready to start this job in August, except that he has to spend a week on business in Australia and it will be difficult to assemble the committee members before September. Since he is an active, working chairman of his firm, it might be thought that he could not find the time required (and he did hesitate for this reason, before deciding to accept 'because one doesn't like to say no'). He will find it partly by doing two days' work in one, 'fitting in a lot extra in the evenings.' Only a physically fit man could do it: at 55, Sir Harry is robust, partly, perhaps, because he goes everywhere in London by bicycle – '*not* to keep fit, and not as a stunt, but simply because it's the quickest way of getting to the Bank of England' from his office in Cleveland Row. Above his office is a *pied-à-terre* flat, comfortable without being particularly grand, hung with small old prints of London. There are also bowls of remarkably fine roses and sweet peas: Sir Harry's real passion in life is roses, and he tends them himself (and the bees) in his garden at St Helens. He brings a lot of them to London every week, in plastic waste-paper baskets wrapped round with newspapers in large wire frames. 'You see? I can quite easily hold two frames in one hand, and my suit-case and brief-case in the other.'

He has been troubled a good deal recently by publicity because he has two debutante daughters, and an innocent gossip-writer, looking up the total assets of Pilkington's, described him as a millionaire (since when all the others have copied the description). Asked if there is any risk that, having started by hating publicity, he may get to like it, as so many do, he pauses reflectively and says: 'It's very insidious . . . I hope I'm aware of that . . . these well-known corrupters are corrupting' – not a bad motto, perhaps, for a man about to investigate television.

TOM DRIBERG

The Church Stimulant

Confront these two quotations (both probably apocryphal) – 'It will assuredly be the biggest consecrated Odeon in the Anglican Communion' and 'Why don't they have a gas ring on the altar and make a meal of it' – and you have the beginnings of polemic that could make church architecture stimulating, provided flat-bottomed latitudinarians don't compromise it out of existence before it starts.

The first quote is an alleged Liturgical opinion on Sir Basil Spence's Coventry Cathedral, the second is an Anglo-Tory estimate of the aims of Liturgical church planning. The word *liturgical*, like *brutalist* or *neoliberty*, is clearly a word that the lay architecture-fan must master if he is to keep up with events. Viewed from England, the Liturgical scene is not so crowded as in Continental countries: in the distance one perceives that ever-popular father-figure, Karl Barth; nearer home movements like Parish and People edge into the prospect, the Bishop of Landaff is recognised, and in the foreground, not to say limelight, are a young cleric with a book and a young architect with a church.

But the foreground is alive and active. Peter Hammond's book, *Liturgy and Architecture**, is the first major English theoretical work on church architecture for almost a century, and his opinions have already called forth pained comments from established church architects of the middle way. Although the Hammond argument moves slowly in

* *Barrie & Rockliff.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

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AP 443

places (due to excessive drawing of illustrative instances), and occasionally seizes solid with phrases like 'It has lately become something of a commonplace to assert that liturgy is normative of ministry', the argument packs punch and is plain to read – that church architecture is not the creation of devotional atmosphere, but of functional structures serving a liturgy.

The ruderies about Coventry follow naturally, but the positive proposition needs further explanation. The liturgy in question envisages a high degree of 'audience participation', the altar is commonly referred to as the 'table' with pronounced Early Christian overtones of the primitive community supper – though the phrase 'work-surface of an active liturgy' comes from outside the Movement. The architecture of the church, or 'liturgical room' is supposed to support this programme of religious acts as snugly as a modern school supports the programmes of current advanced pedagogy – indeed, the Hammond bibliography commends the MOE's 1957 report on the new school programme as 'an admirable Lent Book for bishops, archdeacons and ecclesiastical architects.'

In all this there is an appeal to down-to-earth methods and first principles (medieval churchmanship is 'out' with the Liturgicals) that is bound to appeal to reformist tendencies among younger architects, and the New Churches Research Group (the movement's organisational head) numbers among its members such bell-wethers of junior opinion as the Smithsons (whose Coventry cathedral project, unlike Sir Basil's, enjoys Liturgical support). However, like most extreme functionalist theories, the Liturgical approach specifies nothing in detail about style, and Peter Hammond has to admit that some of the plans he commends in the book are encased in really crumby architecture.

Nevertheless, things being what they are, an architectural generation nourished on Professor Wittkower's studies of centrally-planned Renaissance churches was bound to respond to the Liturgical Movement's preference for arena productions, and Robert Maguire's church of St Paul, Bow Common, indicates that the Movement is going to get the architecture it deserves – and wants.

The site of St Paul's, next to the railway arches in Burdett Road, E3, makes it clear that this is no airy-fairy movement for religious aesthetes, but something real and earnest, and the architecture confirms the point. On the ground stands an almost square, almost uninterrupted, enclosure of brick walling. On this rests a concrete slab, folded into sharp edged corrugations that make triangular windows above the wall, and resting at its inner edge on a near-square of fourteen columns. Above these columns rises another storey of brick walling like the first, so that the central space is double height, lit by a gigantic skylight in the form of a square pyramid with its lower corners shaved off. The 'table', one barely needs to add, lies under the centre of the skylight, one bay back from the centre of the columned enclosure. The functional plan grows out naturally from the central focus, and has been described as Early Christian in the middle and (since there is a processional way between the columns and the outer wall) medieval round the outside. The font stands at the entrance corner of the processional way.

The result, however you look at it, is a revolution in Anglican architecture, jumped so far ahead of the general run of work that the conception has outrun the detailing in one conspicuous instance. The porch is an outlying brick octagon, roofed by a concrete slab carried on four columns, with a liturgically suitable inscription, unfortunately cast direct into the concrete edge-beam of the roof slab. I say 'unfortunately' because this lettering won't do. For some reason, the ghost of Eric Gill has kept Christian typography hammerlocked in an attitude of forced reverence to his idea of the 'classical tradition' for too long now, and the Gill-type lettering used here with its jig-jog italic capitals and their turned-up toes, is completely alien to the straightforward yet sophisticated architecture.

But this is the only fault to find. St Paul's, otherwise, has powerful and convincing character. The plain but relaxed statement of function; the honest but unassertive revelation of materials and structure; the varied but uncontrived lighting, all combine to give a religious building with a hundred times as much character – religious character at that – as some church where the architect has knocked himself out to produce a sacred edifice. For instance, the brick paving of the apron round the table, and of the processional way, is not only a response to the necessities of hard wear, but also transmits liturgical information – here kneel, here march – so that the worshipper knows what he has to do to participate, instead of being emotionally bludgeoned by acres of Royal College stained glass and then left to grope his way about in Wagnerian gloom.

It may only be days, it may be months, before St Paul's is denounced as 'only a machine for worshipping in', but when it is we shall know that even its detractors have admitted that it has started from essentials, and serves them properly.

REYNER BANHAM

Jung

Best introduction to his thought is his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul. (25s.)*. Write for complete list of Jung's works to Routledge & Kegan Paul, Carter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Far Out West

Intellectuals are at present more strongly in favour of San Francisco than ever before. It is very beautiful and, as American cities go, untypical. Krushchev was welcomed here, the local students have organised demonstrations both against the un-American Committee and the American Legion (which has retaliated by reaffirming the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti), and across the bay in Berkeley they have actually bred a strain of courteous cops. Instead of mobsters, San Francisco has a waterside union run by reds. Its beats, looking indistinguishable from their European equivalents, produce the largest amount of bad poetry for any square mile of the world, but still, poetry. By common consent, it is a good place to live in and a holiday from the rat-race; a place still haunted by the shades of the age before 'togetherness', by the giant robber barons of the Pacific, the over-lifesize labour heroes of the Thirties. Why, in defiance of all right-thinking sociology, at least one local radio station still angles its commercials frankly at 'the working-man'. (I need hardly say that it plays, not jazz, but 24 hours a day of hill-billy music.)

Whether another aspect of San Francisco, which affects the jazz-lover, rouses sympathy or not, depends on taste: it is 'a tight city'. There was a time when this place was as wide-open as any in the West. The citizens still take pride in recalling the occasion when Eisenhower, returning from Korea, gave a special salute to a particularly delirious group of female voters who happened to be the girls from the city's leading brothel. For there was action along the bay, plenty of action. This is so no longer. Mayor Christopher (a Greek – the cops and the graft are Irish) has shut the place down, and the far-seeing elements are already worrying whether the combined pressure of Reno and Las Vegas, which have every interest in seeing other towns moral, will keep the lid permanently half-closed. But it is a well-known fact that jazz flourishes best in wide-open towns, for that is where there is most employment for musicians.

For a city which enjoys a world reputation as a jazz centre, San Francisco therefore possesses surprisingly few, and not very outstanding, resident musicians, and not much more than half-a-dozen jazz clubs, including the North Beach jazz-and-poetry type joints. What it does possess is a massive, enthusiastic and knowledgeable jazz public – mostly young, intellectual or bohemian – and therefore a power to make reputations which is much appreciated in the business. It made Brubeck and Cannonball Adderley. More recently (and characteristically) it has made chiefly the stars of the savage, jazz-impregnated social satire which flourishes, of all places, in night-clubs, Mort Sahl and Lennie Bruce. Sahl stands for wit, intellect, self-consciousness and hatred of the Right; Bruce – who disappears behind his mimicries – for emotion, no self-criticism, horror and hatred of the squares. Sahl can, at a pinch, be understood by anyone who knows about America and psychoanalysis; Bruce is almost incomprehensible except to those who are steeped in the world of what Bernard Wolfe's Broadway novel called the 'late risers': the agents and acts, the musicians and junkies, the hustlers – in brief, the Expresso Bongo scene. But, like the other artists made by San Francisco, these too have followed the money east and are now only occasional visitors.

There is one exception to this exodus. San

Francisco made the New Orleans revival in the early Forties, but the musicians are still here, living off expense-account advertising men and the solid, but thinning, ranks of those who were young in 1940: a closed and passionate community. This public has provided a haven for meritorious oldtimers who have made their homes here: Kid Ory on the Embarcadero, Marty Marsala at the *Kewpie Doll* and the marvellously undimmed Earl Hines at the *Hangover*, though he has had to camouflage himself as a Basin Street type, which suits his piano-style about as well as the Petrushka music would suit a real funfair. But there is no limit to what a public with preconceived notions will impose on an artist. I have lately watched the legendary blues-shouter Sam 'Lightning' Hopkins performing to a packed, young, washed and wholesome house at the University of California Folk Music Festival. Hopkins, a lean, quietly wolfish character in very light slacks, white-and-black shoes, dark jacket, bow tie and dark glasses, was clearly at a loss. They had given him a proper folky guitar instead of an electric one. They were selecting a repertoire for him, in tune with the folkniks. He hadn't quite settled down to the new act, which was shaping towards the elderly frail Negro preacher from the South, full of folky wisdom. He sang well, though not juiced up enough to be in really high gear, casually, in a voice both gravelly and soft, with a light, lifting guitar. Occasionally the voice bit like a pick. But he did not holler. That blue, rebellious and desperate shout from across the Texas tracks was no longer there.

For the rest, jazz in San Francisco is what happens in the beat joints (far-out, but not so good as London), what is on the two local all-jazz radio stations, and what comes on tour – chiefly the Ellington band, which followed the girls with the 44 inch bust in *Facks II* (business is business) until the place was closed down for non-payment of taxes. This was the jazz of our dreams, in the place where it belongs, melting a hard assembly of middle-aged lawyers, doctors, journalists and fixers like traditional brides. It reconciles me to much of the US, even to the memory of Louis Armstrong, on the eve of his sixtieth birthday, giving the Studebaker commercial over the air, 'tomming' as they say 'from the heart'.

FRANCIS NEWTON

More from Cheltenham

It is not hard to understand why Nicholas Maw's *Nocturne* for Mezzo Soprano and Chamber Orchestra has generally proved to be one of the most liked new works at Cheltenham this year. In its aims and its style, the work takes us back to the false spring of the immediate post-war years, when the musical world was congratulating itself on the death of experiment and the burial of the twelve-note method. With the emergence of Britten, the gradual discovery of late Stravinsky, and the quiet coronation of Copland, everything seemed set for a rosy pandiatonic future, disturbed only by a bequest of Bartokian chromaticism and counterpoint. Admittedly certain harmonic and structural aspects of Maw's *Nocturne* show that it belongs to a later stage than this. Nonetheless, the music is consolingly 'safe', and although its evident models might have been questioned in 1946, they are today firm critical favourites. The things which Mr Maw obviously admired when he wrote the *Nocturne* almost three years ago are indeed very nice things, and his homage to them is certainly more than an exercise of studentish adulation. There is a genuine sensitivity, and within short sections the technique is often fairly assured. But very little is carried through, and as the work progresses, one begins to feel that composition is being replaced by a more or less distinctive process of anthologising. Still, there is more musical life in this youthful effort than there is in Reginald Smith Brindle's *Cosmos* for orchestra, which ably presented to Cheltenham audiences some of the more well-worn gestures of the Italian twelve-note school. Mr Brindle knows how to make this kind of music sound, but in *Cosmos* he does not succeed in making it move.

It would have been instructive if the first performance of *Cosmos* had been immediately followed by that of Benjamin Frankel's new Symphony. The reactions of the audience might thus have shown how many listen to music and how many merely listen to orchestration. If 'attractive presentation' is a criterion, the Frankel Symphony would not stand a chance in this contest. However, this is a work which deserves the most scrupulous sponsorship, for whatever its limitations, it is a product of high integrity. Frankel does not take any easy paths, and so far from being over-cautious, his fusion of tonality and serial writing is as difficult as any free or non-harmonic atonality. Some will no doubt ask, what is the point of using serial technique if the result (a traditional post-Mahler symphony, for instance) could have been achieved equally well without?

The question is familiar and sometimes useful, but in this case it is not relevant. One

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has only to compare the Symphony with the non-serial Violin Concerto which is Frankel's only previous large-scale orchestral work, to see that the most strikingly new aspects of the Symphony (the types of variation and the specific harmonic invention) could not have been achieved by any other means. Frankel thinks very hard, and although the argument is not always well expressed by the orchestral textures, this is less of a problem than the question of varied character. The tempo variation in the outer movements is most original, but the central contrast afforded by the second movement (and, again, *within* the second movement) still seems, after two very different performances, to contribute too little to the movement of the work. But Frankel is clearly at the height of his powers.

Matyas Seiber's Violin Sonata is the work of a hand long practised in twelve-note technique, and practice, in Seiber's case, makes for a kind of perfectionism. The precision of this music is an example for all. Yet its simplicity is highly deceptive, for the coherence of the strong internal contrasts is not easily comprehended. The engagingly grazioso theme of the second movement, for instance, makes its point immediately, but I for one found it necessary to return to the music several times before finding any satisfaction in the movement as a whole. The finale was not well served by the pianist at Cheltenham, but I am still not convinced by its three-part canonic episodes, which are perhaps the corollary of the equally questionable Improvisation section of the first movement. The invention is always cool-headed, and some may miss Frankel's kind of expressive tension, which reflects a strong *need* to work, and fight, the material.

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HEINEMANN

Ape and Essence

Cissy! Effete! Silly! All those things that ballet-haters say seemed to me true half way through Norman Morrice's new ballet, *The Wise Monkeys*, which comes fresh to London with the opening of the Ballet Rambert's two-week season at Sadler's Wells. There are six monkeys in fact, three less wise, but none of them very bright in the head; and they follow a dim-witted little hero and heroine through pure love into shameful infidelity, and back again into pure love (but more experience) till the curtain falls.

Choreographers should beware of animals. They should have learnt with the first bunny-hop at their first dancing school what a dire embarrassment this kingdom can be. Animals are so infinitely more at ease with themselves physically than human beings, that it is hopeless to guy them. The one hope of success is to guy human beings, not the creatures, and certainly the only form of this I have ever found satisfactory is the pantomime horse with a clown at each end. It is true that eastern dancers can play animals properly, but this is because they treat them with serious respect, with grand, formalised costumes and an understanding of their wild natures. So these six disgusting human apes, in equally disgusting costumes, pranced and grimaced through their monkey tricks, inevitably stuffing their fingers in ears, eyes and mouths, while the four young people, two chaste and two lecherous, went through a routine amatory mix-up.

The decor of this ballet is much more atmospheric and original than the costumes, both designed by Ralph Adron. This is a common fault with beginners in ballet design, who, I think, tend to see the scene as static and forget that it is the shape of the whole ballet in movement that is most important. Shostakovitch's music, with solo piano and trumpet, like the choreography, was not sharp enough for satire, nor sweet enough for sentimentality. It was only Lucette Aldous's beautiful dancing as the chaste young lady that made this work worth seeing, in a programme of three other familiar ballets, all far more worth while.

I had forgotten how exquisite *Les Sylphides* looks when seen from above, rather than the stalls: almost the higher the better. Seen at a distance from the top tier of the Festival Hall, the Festival Ballet production looked exceedingly romantic, on the opening night of their summer season. The stage seemed uncluttered by dancers, not as it does when this work is clumsily rehearsed. The groups of white girls moved swiftly and easily in and out of the most perfectly patterned ballet that was ever designed.

The Company's new production, *Bonaparte à Nice*, is a curious affair, so muddled in its conception that one is throughout in a state of small surprise. The story concerns a visit to Nice by Bonaparte, where he reorganises the army, has a quick kiss and cuddle with a young lady, and then goes off. There are some most inconsequent ideas: when the young general goes to a pretty orangery and meets his young lady, the pair are attended by 12 mythical orange-tree maidens. There is also a superfluous Moorish valet, obviously employed by his master because he can do snappy handstands at moments when other interests in life flag.

Serge Lifar's choreography is at its weakest. But André Levasseur's costumes and decor are excellent. His colour is sweet without being sugary, while the figures – the blue and white soldiers, the rearing hobby-horses – stand out against the formal background, so that their movement is marvellously clear and unhampered.

The Mexican Dance Company has come to the Piccadilly with a programme split neatly into two halves: the Aztec and Mayan dances first, and the semi-Spanish, regional second. The more ancient culture is disappointing, probably because there is little to go on except the frozen movement of sculpture and painting. Javier de Leon has arranged this choreography, which is simple and not very stylised. There is barely a glimpse of the vicious sadism that the layman chiefly associates with this extraordinary civilization. Throughout the evening the chief interest is in the astonishingly gaudy and glorious costumes. The music of the Mexican instruments is delightfully sweet and melodic, and the dancing at fiestas and weddings as lively, neat and gay as any tourist could wish.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Ceri Richards, at the Whitechapel

Ceri Richards has always matched the dramatic literal content of his paintings with their physical scale in a manner analogous to that of the lyric poet and the sonnet. The matter and the manner of his pictures may be complex and variable but their size is always apt. A small picture by Richards is not a fragment of a bigger idea but as self-contained as a poem. Strong emotional associations between music, literature, and painting have been at the core of his work all his life. He has instinctively violated the most consistent taboo of twentieth-century aesthetics – namely literary content. He has not only had to find and define his own images, he has had to make sure that, before he let them out of his studio, they could never be blurred by associations which the public already held. Moreover, where the relation to an existing work of art was most direct, as for instance in the Dylan Thomas and *Hammerklavier* series, his own imagery had to be as precise and spare of sentiment as theirs or he would be accused of merely 'gilding refined gold'. When he succeeds, his work achieves both a personal and a noble impact because the lyricism he employs is of Celtic passion and seriousness.

Yet sympathy with the poetic idea of what he is doing is not always enough. To like the work one needs to appreciate its literary content as much as to approve of it having one. Richards makes us recognise his statements but we may not always remember what he says.

K.G.S.

The Apartment, at the Leicester Square

After *Some Like It Hot*, which extravagantly blew breezes through the dubious situation of transvestites at the seaside, it was inevitable that Billy Wilder should try it again. Once more, with an insurance clerk hoping to gain promotion by lending his flat for his bosses to entertain their girl friends, blueness is in the air; and once more blue must turn rose pink. This time, however, the trick fails, the fun misses abandon, suicide proves rather an awkward maypole for dancing round, and the whole has to be resolved in a hark-back to sentimental comedy. The film is a good half-hour too long. Still, Jack Lemmon's performance as the hopeful accommodator glitters with nervous appeal; he is a comedian in whom happily we find more and more. His filing system for flat bookings and his spaghetti servings in which a tennis racket comes into play are delicious, and everywhere he communicates more freshness than belongs to the part. Shirley MacLaine has charm as the sweetie getting out of a mess, and Fred MacMurray's smiling heel gives solidity to the satire on power politics in office life.

W.W.

Correspondence

LEARNING TO READ

SIR, – In her letter to the NEW STATESMAN published on 9 July, Mary F. Cleugh expresses her disagreement with Mary Stewart's suggestion that the shortage of teachers could be ameliorated by employing on a part-time basis a body of women for the sole purpose of teaching children to read and write. Mary Cleugh dismisses these women somewhat contemptuously as 'stray people', thus ignoring Mary Stewart's excellent suggestion that they should be drawn from women 'who had retired due to marriage or age' and 'might well include ex-social workers and others' *who had been given a short day training course in teaching.* It is in fact possible that better results might be obtained by the class teacher, but the present intolerably large ratio of children to teachers prevents not only the class teacher getting to know her pupils 'as people', but also makes impossible her undertaking extra remedial work for those with reading difficulties.

The shortage of teachers has increased the difficulties of those Education Authorities who have sought to meet this need either in special classes within the school or remedial classes or tutorial groups held elsewhere. Surely then the outside help envisaged by Mary Stewart as a stop-gap remedy is infinitely better than leaving the children unable to benefit from any of their academic work because of their lack of attainment in reading?

Mary Cleugh may be interested to hear of the experiences of a small group of women who have had no formal training in teaching, merely had experience in teaching their own children, and have read widely on the subject of the causes of backwardness in reading, its prevention and cure. For the last few years these women have been giving individual coaching in a private house to backward readers aged between nine and 14, most of whom had been put on probation for stealing, breaking and entering, and habitually playing truant. Generally these children have been slightly below average intelligence, but attend ordinary Primary and Secondary schools. They often come from homes where they lack the interest and affection needed for normal development. Each child is made to feel welcome and important, given individual attention in an atmosphere of confidence and friendship, and taught by the method or mixture of methods best suited to his capacity. They have in reality been given the individual help Mary Stewart describes as that which more fortunate children often obtain from their mothers at home. The results have far exceeded expectations. Not only have a large proportion of the children learned to read and write, but their enhanced self-confidence at this attainment has enabled them to come to terms with authority and with their contemporaries. There have been failures, naturally, but what school or remedial class is without its failures?

I think this small experiment shows two things very clearly: first, the paramount importance of individual teaching and friendship to children, particularly the delinquent or maladjusted, for their development academically and for their character formation. Secondly, that these children can be helped by women with the right approach even if they have not had the advantage of a teacher's training.

PEGGY JAY

12 Well Road
NW3

SIR, – In teaching children to read we are teaching them the letters and what they mean in terms of sound; we are teaching them too the significance of letter-order. The child acquires the ability to translate these visual symbols into sounds that have meaning in speech. For many years now the most influential experts in education have been insisting that at the early stages teachers and children can ignore letters (except when writing of course) and that the designers of reading primers can ignore them too – *aeroplane* is one of the words in a 'modern' primer. It is strange that this aspect of the problem has not yet been mentioned during the current correspondence in your columns. Any competent librarian will be able to put interested readers in contact with research reports which show that some of the backwardness in reading one hears so much about is due to this elementary misconception about the nature of reading.

HUNTER DIACK

139 Harlaxton Drive
Nottingham

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

SIR, – Mr Maurice Richardson rebukes me for welcoming the visit of the Spanish Foreign Minister. But he does it so ingeniously and sensitively that one would have to be very touchy to be upset and very arrogant not to be flattered.

He raises a matter of even wider significance in accusing me of wholesale uncritical benevolence with an additional bias in favour of Catholics. I used to find these questions of whom one could permit oneself to meet more difficult than I do now. Work among prisoners and ex-prisoners has made me reluctant to refuse to meet any fellow human being for 'holier than thou' reasons. To hate the sin but love the sinner must surely be the guiding formula. I have no idea how to show my love for a fellow sinner while declining to take his hand.

Things become admittedly more complicated when we are dealing with systems, governments and peoples, and assessing diplomatic impressions. It still seems to me that the rule should hold good 'if in doubt meet them'; and all the more so if one really believes that one has a doctrine superior to theirs. I feel sick and horrified when, for example, I think of the Chinese treatment of the missionaries, and of endless tyrannies and atrocities behind the Iron Curtain. But I am sure it is right that we should press for the inclusion of China in the United Nations, and world government – the supreme hope for the survival of mankind – will mean relatively little until Soviet Russia is prepared to join in.

'Why did you join them?' said King George VI to me, referring to the Labour Party, when I became a Lord-in-Waiting in 1945. I stumbled over an answer. But to-day I hope I should reply: 'Because the Labour Party stands at its best for universal charity as no other party does or can.' It is a far cry from that to our actual practice. But we shall be entitled to call ourselves Socialist as long as, but only as long as, we grope towards that light. The pollsters will continue to operate at one end of the scale, the Theologians at the other, with the economists and other technicians in the middle. But we shall gain our true stature as a party when we make our reality of the Christian ethic, drawing much more strength from love than from hatred. Then but not till then.

FRANK PAKENHAM

House of Lords

LABOUR'S DEFENCE POLICY

SIR, – Mr A. J. P. Taylor writes: 'The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament stands for unilateral nuclear disarmament and no association with any nation, or group of nations, which possesses nuclear weapons.' This must mean that Britain should leave Nato and have 'no association' with the US.

On 26 June, Mr Taylor wrote in the *Sunday Express*: 'When the American people elect a President next November, they will be electing the leader of the free world . . . I am sure we ought to stand close to the American people.' Later in the same article he argues that we should 'stand on our own feet rather more' (in what sense is not made clear) because this would be 'the greatest service we could perform *to the*

Note for next week

ITV Monday July 25, 6.13
WHO GOES NEXT?
CROSSMAN, MUGGERIDGE
THORNEYCROFT
Views on the news of the day

ITV Wednesday July 27, 5.00
ZOO TIME
Zebras and Camels at Whipsnade

ITV Wednesday July 27, 9.35
The Editors
Recently in the House of Lords the Archbishop of Canterbury suggested that editors should be publicly questioned about the press. Editors of several leading newspapers have accepted the challenge.
CHAIRMAN: **Lord Birkett**

ITV Thursday July 28, 10.35
WHAT THE PAPERS SAY
Discussed by J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P.

ITV Friday July 29, 9.35
'ON TRIAL'
The charge is murder—in 1699

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Lord Chandos
Soldier, politician & business leader interviewed by Malcolm Muggeridge

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This essay is presented by Associated Electrical Industries Limited to mark the Tercentenary of the Royal Society

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

This unbreakable continuity which begins as a page of mathematics . . . or an experiment in a laboratory and ends (if it can ever be said to end) in the happiness or despair of men and women.

UNDER the heavy blackness of a Nigerian evening a dozen Africans are peering through a hedge. Their faces are alight with excitement. They watch in astonished silence. Beyond the hedge is the verandah of a private house and on the verandah a ghost-white image on a television screen.

A mile away, in a busy thoroughfare, African boys sit in clusters under the street lamps. They are studying for School Certificate. They have to do their homework in the street, for there is no light at home except a candle in the corner of the room.

These scenes epitomize the impact of the electrical industry on civilization. To catch the drama of it in 1960 one has to go to countries like Africa and India, but in 1860 the drama was being played in Europe. That was the time of the cable-laying boom; Londoners still marvelled at the fact that messages could be sent instantaneously from England to France, and two young engineers, WERNER and WILLIAM SIEMENS, were planning a cable (the plan was fulfilled eleven years later) to link Europe with India.

Instantaneous communication: this is the paramount contribution which electrical engineers are making to the world. Power is carried instantaneously from waterfalls to cities. Messages are carried from one continent to another. Ideas are carried to television screens in millions of homes. The power is put to work in a steel plant, an X-ray therapy apparatus, a reading lamp over a desk. The messages pledge a contract and announce an election and break a heart. The television screens display a crooner, a Western, a smart young man reading the news.

Europeans have had little more than a century to adjust themselves to the shock of instantaneous communication and the shock is only now reaching millions in Africa and Asia, destroying centuries of tradition, driving society at a fresh pace. It is not sufficient to understand the technology which causes the shock: the shock itself must be understood too.

A technological achievement does not stand by itself. It can be understood only if it is regarded in the context of its history. It stretches back through salesmanship, production, design, to the scientific work which made the achievement possible; it reaches forward into social and economic changes which follow the achievement. Technologists in the steam age were not fully aware of this unbreakable continuity which begins as a page of mathematics in a notebook or an experiment in a laboratory and ends (if it can be said ever to end) in the happiness or despair of men and women. In the electrical age technologists have become aware of this continuity; they realize they cannot confine their interest to technology. They know that every achievement in the electrical industry is inseparable from the science out of which it grew and the society in which it will bear fruit. A factory making electric generators, for example, cannot be understood in isolation. Its activity begins in schools and technical colleges and university laboratories, where ideas germinate and interests are formed, and its influence can be followed after the generators are installed: into Indian villages, emancipating the people from poverty and dissolving the constraints of caste; into the minds of Africans, detribalizing them and moulding their ideas into patterns of the twentieth century; into the Arab world, equipping it with tools for its resurgent nationalism; into the industrial towns of Britain, creating new opportunities for employment and new conditions for family life. It is no wonder that industry has become one of the patrons of learning. The technologist is irrevocably involved in mankind.

Of course, this is no sentimental involvement, no woolly gesture of good will toward boffins and sociologists. In the electrical industry it is a hard-headed recognition of two facts: the first, that technology draws its nourishment from three hundred years of scientific thought; the second, that the achievements of technology change men's minds, and that it is essential that these changes should be understood.

ROBERT BOYLE'S LEGACY

Consider an example which illustrates one of the implications of electro-technology. The moment when a dozen Africans saw a television programme for the first time was the consummation of a process which started in the year when the Royal Society was founded and which will continue into an unfathomable future. Television screens, like X-ray tubes, radio valves, cyclotrons, and electron microscopes, require high vacua. Only in the last thirty years has it become practicable to make really high vacua, but this comparatively recent achievement would have been impossible without three hundred years of endowment from Western scientist. The chief legacy, perhaps, is from ROBERT BOYLE. At a country house in Beaconsfield, exactly three hundred years ago, BOYLE wrote an eassy, in the form of a letter to his nephew, on the properties of a vacuum. He called it "the spring of the air". In it he describes one of the earliest vacuum pumps, but the importance of his essay lies not in a technique but in a leap of imagination. BOYLE helped to strip off the mystical jargon which had surrounded the idea of a vacuum since the time of ARISTOTLE, and he substituted what the first historian of the Royal Society called "positive expressions, clear senses . . . bringing all things as near to Mathematical plainness as they can". BOYLE's essay is leisurely and discursive. Few technologists could be bothered to read it to-day. At the time he wrote it the relevance to industry lay concealed nearly three centuries beyond the imagination of his contemporaries. But when technologists needed to understand the properties of a vacuum there was awaiting them a legacy of nearly three centuries of research. It can truly be said that BOYLE's thought is one of the scientific ingredients of a television set.

BOYLE's work is only one example—and a comparatively unfamiliar one—of the massive foundation of science which underlies the electrical industry. Even less familiar examples could be found, for instance, in the work of botanists who germinated seeds of the rubber tree at Kew, to be used to start plantations in Malaya; an episode which assured the electrical industry of a supply of insulating covers for cables. And the familiar names—FARADAY and HERTZ and RUTHERFORD, for instance—are now revered among the patron saints of technology; their relevance is indeed so obvious that it would seem impossible to overlook the young Faradays and Rutherfords who may be working in laboratories to-day. But they could easily be overlooked, for to-day's Faradays and Rutherfords are working at problems which have no foreseeable application to technology. There is no way to predict the significance of their work to the technologies of fifty years hence. Accordingly, industry supports science for its own sake in the belief that all science is potentially relevant to technology, and that modern industry must breathe the very atmosphere of science.

Technology draws its nourishment from three hundred years of scientific thought. In 1660 Boyle published an engraving of his vacuum pump, one of the ancestors of the modern television tube.

THE LEAP OF IMAGINATION

To a man whose life is spent among practical things it is a surprising atmosphere, this atmosphere of science. The popular impression of how a scientist works is very far from the truth. Science fiction would have us believe that the scientist is a passive recorder of facts. As BRONOWSKI once put it, scientists are pictured as "going off to work in the morning . . . in a neutral, unexposed state. Then they expose themselves like a photographic plate. And then in the dark room or laboratory they develop the image . . ." and some new formula appears. The unexpected truth about scientists is that their tools of trade are abstractions, symbols, and imagination. The abstractions are indeed derived from observations and checked against observations, but the essence of scientific thinking is abstraction from reality, the leap upstream, the symbol. To have watched FARADAY at work, fixing a magnet inside a coil of wire, would have given no inkling of his genius. His unique contribution to science was a leap of imagination: to conceive a field of force between the wire and the magnet. A field of force has no material basis: "What this state is", he wrote, "cannot yet be declared." But this did not matter. As soon as he began to think, wire and

magnet were forgotten: FARADAY entered a world of abstraction. "The mutual relation of electricity, magnetism, and motion", he wrote, "may be represented by three lines at right angles to each other . . ." Sheer symbolism; and from this symbol stems the London Underground, the Kariba dam, and the beautiful fabric of field physics.

The purpose of science is to understand Nature, but science works by picking out abstractions from Nature (shape from a crystal, pressure from a gas, resistance from a wire) and transforming them into symbols. These symbols, products of a disciplined imagination, become powerful weapons for the conquest of Nature. The realities of science are concepts: not wire and magnet but current and electromotive force; not glassware and pumps but pressure and volume. The scientist's creed is a paradox: that without symbols reality is out of reach. No wonder industry did not immediately take to science: a scientist's pattern of thought is so much like a poet's.

PACE-MAKER IN SCIENCE

Imagination in science has constantly to be disciplined. Every fresh abstraction has to be referred back to Nature and if it is inconsistent with Nature it is jettisoned. This involves experiment, and experiment involves technical skill. As science becomes more subtle this reference back to Nature becomes more difficult. The progress of science may be held up for years because apparatus cannot be devised to make the observations necessary to check an abstraction. It is at this stage that industry comes to the aid of science. Science and industry are now allies and history has proved that this alliance is as necessary for science as it is for industry. Indeed technology is often the pace-maker for scientific advance. In the nineteenth century, for example, the pace of research into the structure of animal and plant cells was set by the firms which designed microscopes. More recently the production of an electron microscope may be regarded as a major contribution to scientific thought. In biology alone it has opened up a new and fantastic world of the infinitely small; it has already illuminated subjects as diverse as human heredity and the synthesis of sugar in leaves. Perhaps the most vivid example of the contribution which industry can make to science comes from the experimental verification of the most important equation in history: EINSTEIN's $E=mc^2$. These symbols represent a tremendous leap upstream of scientific thought; they assert that if mass were turned into energy the amount of energy would be equal to the mass multiplied by an astronomical figure, the square of the velocity of light. To test this it was necessary to smash an atom. Two Cambridge physicists, COCKCROFT and WALTON, devised a way to do this (by directing a stream of protons against a film of lithium); but the equipment for the experiment could not conveniently be made in a university laboratory. The electrical industry came to their help. The success of their experiment is a vivid example of the pattern of partnership in modern scientific discovery: it is a fabric woven of symbolism and imagination on the one hand and the resources of industry on the other.

THE SOCIAL FRUITS

Technology has its roots in science. Its fruits are in the lives of men and women. For some years industry has recognised its responsibility towards research in science and mathematics, forerunners of the machine. More slowly, and with some misgivings, industry is now coming to realise that its responsibility does not end with making, installing and servicing the machine; it has some sort of responsibility—still to be defined—toward research on the consequences of the machine and its influence on society.

This responsibility has to be focussed before it can be defined. It is in the under-developed countries that it comes most clearly into focus. In India (for example) there are still some half a million towns and villages without electric light or power. Millions of the people of India still measure power by the amount a man can lift or a bullock can pull. The roads, lined with banyan trees red with dust, still carry an endless procession, as they have for a thousand years: people walking, silent, barefoot, with burdens on their heads; the women in saris of yellow or scarlet, the men with white cotton dhotis tucked into their waists, bearing brass water jugs, six-foot bundles of sugar cane, baskets of chickens. And suddenly the technological revolution has swept across this ancient civilisation. Little naked children running about the streets will soon take for granted steel mills, factories making transformers, electric light, radio. The massive five-year plans of the Indian Government will, in one generation, dissolve away centuries of custom and tradition. Since 1949, to take one example, a hydro-electric plant on the Cauvery River has poured hundreds of megawatts of power into Madras. The industrialist is familiar with the research and development which have flowed into the generators and switchgear of this hydro-electric station; he can trace the stream of thought back to its source among the physicists of the nineteenth century. But he has not yet spent much time following the stream forward into the Indian villages, into the minds of men who are accustomed only to the slow movements of cattle and the imperceptible growth of crops. Consider NAYAN SUBBARAM and his family, who live in an Indian village and make a living by weaving *khadi* on a foot-loom: what will happen to his household when electricity comes to his village, bringing light, radio, and a cinema? Can he and his neighbours be helped to cross in one generation a bridge which the British people spent over a century in crossing? Not enough is known to answer these questions, yet it is as important to study the impact of technology on NAYAN SUBBARAM as it is to study the impact of science on technology. Industry, already concerned with problems in physical science which precede the machine, is inevitably becoming concerned with problems in human science which follow from the machine.

There is, however, a serious difficulty. By the time the physical sciences attracted the attention of industry they were already mature, sophisticated, professionalised, with nearly two centuries of achievement behind them. The human sciences are still naive and groping. Nevertheless, pioneers in this field must be encouraged; among them may be men who will do for the human sciences what BOYLE did for pneumatics. For some time to come, studies on the influence of technology on society are more likely to earn the respect and support of industry if they are modest in scope, specific in intention, and tentative in conclusion. There is plenty of opportunity for such studies as these; without them, technologists will never comprehend the full sweep of their subject.

This full sweep can already be discerned dimly in one recent episode in electro-technology: the production of the transistor. In 1897 HALL did some simple experiments which enabled him to calculate the mobility of electrons in a conductor. At the time the experiments had no conceivable relevance to industry. Years later the HALL effect (as it was called) was taken up and applied to the behaviour of electric currents in a semi-conductor, the rare element germanium, which is extracted from the flues of gas works. The result is common knowledge: in 1948 it was announced that transistors, made from germanium, could take the place of radio valves. They had three immense advantages: they used much less current, they occupied much less space, and they lasted much longer. Already the transistor has set up waves in society which are travelling in many directions. It is essential for information-equipment in rockets; it exposes new horizons in those branches of applied mathematics which require large electronic computors; it has made possible the pocket radio receiver, which runs for months on a four volt battery.

The transistor is likely to work a revolution in the developing countries of the world; for radio receivers which run from the mains, or even from accumulators, are out of the question in a town where there is no electricity, whereas a radio receiver which needs no attention beyond the replacement of one dry battery once or twice a year is quite practicable. It could, for example, bring some 60 million people in tropical Africa in touch with the Western world. As the tribes of Nigeria and Ghana coalesce into nationhood, it is the transistor radio which will draw them together, unite them to their leaders, and preserve among them a common tongue. Through broadcasting studios and power stations the electrical industry has created new nerve centres for the nations.

It is for reasons such as this that industry is involved in the whole sweep of discovery, from pure mathematics to sociology. It is involved, too, in education, which is the technique for transmitting human experience from one generation to the next. Indeed industry is itself partaking on a massive scale in the education of technicians and technologists. Through technical education in Germany in the nineteenth century, wrote WERNER SIEMENS in 1874, "thousand of co-workers in science . . . have sprung up". For fifty years and more the electrical industry has produced its own co-workers in science through schemes of apprenticeship training; and in doing so new techniques of teaching have been devised and (more important still) unexpected potentialities of skill have been discovered in quite ordinary men and women. Modern apprenticeship-training schemes have improved the "trainability" of man. A few years ago it could have been said that the rate of learning had not improved since PLATO taught in the Academy. This is no longer true; and the demonstration that even the ancient technology of teaching can be made more efficient is one of the contributions which industry has made to learning.

Technology faces its implications. The whole spectrum of human enquiry, from the symbolism of the mathematician to the case histories of the social worker, illuminates the design and manufacture of a machine. Technological achievement is one instant in a process which begins at the sources of science and flows until it joins the tides of society.

E. A.

July 1960.

Reprints of this essay are available from the Central Information Department, (NS/1),

Associated Electrical Industries Ltd 33 GROSVENOR PLACE · LONDON S.W.1

AEI

American alliance and to the common cause' (my italics).

It is, therefore, remarkable to find Mr Taylor criticising certain unspecified 'Labour politicians' because, in his view, 'they are at the old game of saying all things to all men.'

For myself, I believe that (1) The objective of policy should be a world linked by an effective UN, maintaining the rule of law and promoting economic and social policies likely to produce a more civilised planet. (2) Meanwhile, in the present division of mankind, it is vital to maintain the Atlantic alliance. (3) This alliance must possess weapons comparable with those of the other great power-bloc: this includes nuclear weapons until effective international agreement abolishes such weapons everywhere. If the alliance abandoned nuclear weapons unilaterally, its members would be in no position to resist any demands the USSR (or any future nuclear power) might make upon them. I believe it would be morally wrong for them to put themselves in this position. Unilateral disarmament which appears to some as a noble renunciation strikes me as a desertion of duty.

We must all decide this moral question for ourselves, as our consciences guide us. If we decide to stay in the alliance, the question of Britain's part in it – what weapons she shall produce, what bases and facilities she shall provide – is not a moral question: for we shall already have decided the moral issue. It does, however, raise important military, economic and political considerations. Since those considerations can be affected by changing circumstances the answer cannot be fixed for all time. In my judgment, the policy now declared by the Labour Party is sensible in present circumstances.

Whether these views will, in Mr Taylor's phrase, 'win the approval of unilateralists' I do not know. Until Mr Taylor agrees more closely with himself, it is difficult for others to say whether they agree with him.

MICHAEL STEWART

House of Commons

ENCOUNTER

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SIR, – The Labour Executive's defence declaration bids us to accept the very position of one-sided total dependence on the US which the Gaitskell-Strachey H-bomb pamphlet and Mr Gaitskell in the March defence debate said was the consequence of the US having a monopoly of nuclear weapons in Nato. They argued that this would make it impossible for Britain to carry out her own foreign policy or to resist being committed to war by US policies with which we disagreed, and that to accept such a position for a Labour government would 'do a grave disservice to peace'.

The declaration 'reaffirms' Labour foreign policy proposals and makes demands about collective political control of Nato and of US nuclear weapons which are opposed to US policies. Labour's right-wing leaders have no intention of pressing any of these proposals or demands: Mr Gaitskell gave the Tories the assurance in the House that he would never pursue Labour's policy of disengagement to the point of jeopardising the US alliance. Motions in the NEC and the TUC to amend the declaration so as to make it a condition for staying in Nato that the US should at least accept our demand for collective control of nuclear weapons fell for want of seconders! Questions about what we should do if the US turned down our proposals and demands were dismissed, it is reported, in the Parliamentary Labour Party as 'hypothetical'.

Our right-wing leaders believe we must have US protection at any price, because Nato and US bases are necessary to restrain the Soviet leaders from attacking and occupying western Europe and Britain. But the foreign policy the rank and file have imposed on the leaders through conference decisions repudiates this belief and wants to treat the USSR and China as partners in peace-making through the United Nations.

Step by step the right-wing leaders have been driven by the party to abandon their policy of national unity with the Tories in the Cold War. They are now making a last stand in defence, where they continue to treat the Soviet Union as a potential enemy and try to induce the rank and file to sacrifice our own policies for making peace, on which we could come to terms with the Soviet Union and China, and be ready to suffer annihilation without representation in defence of US policies with which we disagree, that afford no possible basis of negotiation with the USSR and do not even recognise the People's Republic of China.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIR, – The considerable correspondence and contributions that you have recently published on the subject of homosexuality seem to leave two major points untouched. There has been discussion, both informed and uninformed, upon many important aspects, but neither in your nor in any other journal has anyone, to my knowledge, quoted the relevant findings of Professors Ford and Beach (*Patterns of Sexual Behaviour*, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1952).

They write: 'Men and women who are totally lacking in any conscious homosexual leanings are as much a product of cultural conditioning as are exclusive homosexuals who find heterosexual relations distasteful and unsatisfying. Both extremes represent movement away from the original, intermediate condition which includes the capacity for both forms of sexual expression. In a restrictive society such as our own a large proportion of the population learns not to respond to or even to recognise homosexual stimuli, and may eventually become in fact unable to do so'.

Professor Ford is Associate Professor of Anthropology at Yale, and Professor Beach holds the chair of Psychology at the same university. Their work carries a foreword by Professor Crew, Professor of Public Health and Social Medicine at Edinburgh University, who writes: 'Possibly its most important teaching is that the forms of sexual behaviour observed fall into two groups. There are those which are the direct expression of the biological nature of man, and there are others which derive directly from social customs and pressures and which vary widely, therefore, from society to society . . . it is a matter of profound importance that this distinction should be made'. The book is a profoundly scholarly work by two eminent men who have devoted many years of research to their subject, and it is difficult to see where anyone who has not done at least equal research may acquire the right to contradict their findings.

Clifford Allen, writing in your issue of 25 June, classifies homosexuality as a neurosis because in a number of cases it is 'curable'. By this he presumably means that the subject's sexual direction can be reorientated to heterosexuality. As one of the main fears of legislators is that of homosexuals making 'converts' out of heterosexuals, it would appear that heterosexuality must also be a neurosis – i.e., that any sexual direction that can be changed must be classified as a neurosis. (Some 20 odd years ago Dr Allen published a book full, to my mind, of just such woolly thinking.) I would suggest that only the findings of Professors Ford and Beach are adequate to resolve these parodoxes, and only final realisation of their truth can hope to remove the blinkers of Judaic tribal law that western civilisation has worn for 2,000 years.

A. SOAMES

University College
Oxford

SIR, – Nobody, certainly not I, ever suggested that some cases of homosexuality were not curable by the right type of psychotherapy. But perhaps what Freud had to say on the subject is relevant. In a letter dated 9 April 1935 (and published in Vol. III of Ernest Jones's *Sigmund Freud*) to a mother who had written to consult him about her son, he wrote: 'Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness; we consider it to be a variation of the sexual function produced by a certain arrest of sexual development . . . By asking me if I can help you mean, I suppose, if I can abolish homosexuality and make normal heterosexuality take its place. The answer is, in a general way, we cannot promise to achieve it. In a certain number of cases we succeed in developing the blighted germs of heterosexual tendencies which are present in every homosexual, in the majority of cases it is no more possible. It is a question of the quality and the age of the individual. The result of treatment cannot be predicted.'

MAURICE RICHARDSON

33 The Grove
NW11

SIR, – Dr Clifford Allen evidently values his own *ex cathedra* statements more highly than those of Messrs Hyams and Richardson. Clinical experience alone is not enough to justify his assertion that 'an abnormal upbringing is the one sure fact' about homosexuality; it should be supported by more objective evidence, for instance, of a significantly higher incidence of abnormal upbringing in a group of homosexuals than in a group of heterosexuals of similar age and social background. Even so, this would in no way prove a causal relationship between the childhood experiences and adult homosexuality. Even if there were clear evidence that children of a 'drunkard or brutal type of father' became homosexual adults more frequently than other children, one could postulate many reasons for this: for instance, such individuals might well have inherited traits which made normal emotional relationships difficult both in childhood and adult life.

It is untrue that 'there is no doubt that homosexuality is curable by psychotherapy': there is considerable doubt. If a homosexual becomes

heterosexual after treatment this does not prove that it was because of it. One would want additional evidence such as could be obtained by a random division of a number of homosexuals into three groups, treating one group by psychotherapy, another by some other treatment but with the same frequency and for the same total time as the first group, while the third group would be left untreated. Such a study could show whether psychotherapy influenced homosexuality, and if so, whether this was a specific effect of the treatment or a non-specific effect of the interpersonal relationship that always develops between the patient and the doctor during any prolonged course of treatment.

I do not suggest that Dr Clifford Allen should have used your correspondence columns to report such work, but unless his opinions have some such basis they are perhaps of little more value than *ex cathedra* statements. In modern medicine, clinical impressions have repeatedly been shown to be fallacious when tested by modern research techniques. Psychiatry falls behind other branches of medicine if psychiatrists forget that it is a scientifically based discipline as well as an art.

L. M. FRANKLIN

40 Midfield Way
St Pauls Cray
Kent

MORGAN IN A MIRROR

SIR, - J. B. Priestley's acute and, on the whole, just assessment of Charles Morgan is particularly opportune, following closely as it does on *Literature and Western Man* from which Morgan was a conspicuous omission. No doubt he was in some respects, as Mr Priestley suggests, an 'Establishment author' but it is questionable, I think, how far his views have really been acceptable. Mention of his name will still be met with an occasional frown in naval circles, and it may be worth recalling that his first novel *The Gunroom* was withdrawn shortly after publication under official pressure. It is an odd reflection that Morgan should share with Kipling the double distinction of high academic honours in France and Admiralty disapproval of certain of their works.

The Gunroom, little known perhaps today, will still repay attention by the analytical student of Morgan. Not only has it much autobiographical interest but it presents in almost pathological detail the pre-1914 Navy in all its rigidity of outlook and, somewhat traumatically, the brutalities visited on midshipmen of the day - a skeleton in the official cupboard, the disclosure of which caused alarm at the time and is still not entirely forgiven in the service today.

As a document it deserves to be rescued from oblivion, and I have often wondered that it was never republished. Shortly before his death I asked Morgan the reason and received the unexpected reply that he had 'always considered the love story to be a bad one'!

JAMES BROCK

Montacute House
Somerset

NYE BEVAN AND THE CENTRAL LABOUR COLLEGE

SIR, - Barbara Castle's article on Nye Bevan was brilliant. Her reference to 'self education' is, however, apt to be misleading. Nye had the advantage of a scholarship at the residential Labour College. It was there he got the Socialist philosophy to which Mrs Castle refers. The trade union movement did itself a power of damage when it allowed that institution to go under the auctioneer's hammer.

J. P. M. MILLAR
General Secretary

National Council of Labour Colleges
Tillicoultry
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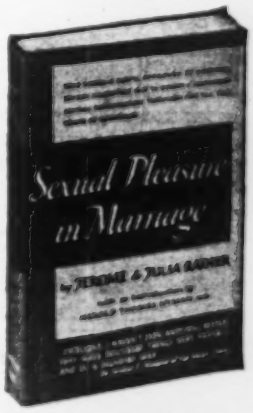

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Leskov and Russian Life

V. S. PRITCHETT

The sound of the lash is heard constantly in Russian literary criticism – the lash of the political fanatic and dogmatist. It is loud in the nineteenth century, it continues in the twentieth. One has to have a thick hide to be a Russian writer and the capacity to lash back. Conceivably the Russians find this stimulating but the effects of political dogma have been in the long run stultifying. A notorious example is the vengeful silence of Russian critics on the subject of Leskov, during his lifetime. Leskov was born in 1831 and died in 1895. He is one of the master storytellers and excellent novelists of the finest period in the literature of his country. He was a liberal, but the Left never forgave him after he asked for an enquiry into the charge of arson brought against the Nihilists. He believed that charges are either true or untrue and that this ought to be established. Fatal. He was sent to Coventry for life.

In spite of this, Leskov became the most popular writer – popular in the non-prejorative sense – in Russia. The people were more discerning than the critics. His work continues to be admired in the Soviet Union, where one might expect his right-wing liberal views and his religious interests to have damned him. But like the early Gorki, who saw his great virtues, Leskov writes from the heart and centre of the people. In the formative period of his life he knew pretty well the whole of Russia intimately and was closer to it than most intellectuals. He is unique in his understanding of goodness, a quality seen by his contemporaries through the distortions of pietism or hysteria.

Many of Leskov's stories are fairly well-known to English readers. He had read Trollope and had a Trollopean phase – his *Cathedral Folk* was published here in 1924; there are two collections of stories translated by Mr David Magarshack since the war, *Amazon* and *The Enchanted Pilgrim;* and there is Mr L. Norman's collection, *The Musk Ox*. It is a pity that the selection just published by the Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow has not broken new ground. *It includes the famous *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, *The Enchanted Wanderer*, *Lefty*, *The Sentry* and *The Make-Up Artist*, which are well known here. The translator is George H. Hanna. I do not know what the function of a translator in the Russian organisation is, but I find that Mr Hanna's text is remarkably close to Mr Magarshack's, with only quite minor variations, in two of the longest stories. Since Russians often complain of English translations one would expect them to strike out on their own. This selection is a lazy job and shows them ill-informed of our acquaintance with their literature. The publishers ask for criticisms.

But to return to Leskov. The great Russian novelists impress not only by their genius but by their strangeness. Even Turgenev, the Westerner, is outside the western European tradition. Leskov is not an exception, but there is a curious half-link with ourselves which comes from an accidental influence in his life. His parents died when he was a boy and he was brought up by an uncle who had married an English Quakeress. Later he was employed by an Englishman, who sent him all over the country.

This Englishman encouraged him to write. It is an un-Russian beginning. Perhaps Leskov loses the full force of the Russian daemon because of it. He is primitive enough but something tempers this quality even in his most violent stories. He is less preoccupied by morbidity and by madness than his contemporaries are even when he is portraying the saintly or remorseful and confessional side of Russian character. I do not mean that Leskov has been tamed. Far from it. The hate has been drained from him. He is a superb and prolific story-teller of wide range of theme, character and feeling, although he has little to say about the small middle class. He knew the folk intimately, listened to their tales, wrote their language, using their speech and images. Above all he caught their way of looking at life. A story like *Lefty* – the famous tale of how the craftsmen of Tula capped the work of some English craftsmen who had made a steel flea – is rich in comic touches and has the sly, dry, boastful comic mind of craftsmen everywhere, their delight in exaggeration and their love of mocking the bosses:

> [Platov] would light his huge briar pipe that held a pound of Zhukov tobacco, after which he'd get back in the carriage and sit beside the tsar in silence. The tsar would look one way and Platov would stick his pipe out of the other window and let the wind carry the smoke away. In this way they reached St Petersburg, but the tsar didn't take Platov with him to the Priest Fedot.
>
> 'You aren't fit for spiritual conversation,' he said, 'and you smoke too much, my head's full of soot from your pipe.'
>
> Platov remained behind offended and sulked . . .

The elements of fantasy, terror, heroism, comicality, indignation, love and pity are exactly as they exist in the minds of the people. Although an educated man and a child of the lesser nobility, experienced in theology and politics, Leskov does not intellectualise. He has not been cut off. He is an artist, but not so taut and formal that we become more conscious of the art than of the life that it is rendering. Everything is physically vivid but not too brilliant. He has the gift of conveying a lazy, powerful familiarity. Life might be some animal dozing and dreaming on the rug, yelping in its sleep.

He learned from his craftsmen at Tula, who had no mathematics but had got everything from what they called 'The Book of Half Dreams' – those that David left unclear in the Psalms. We suffer nowadays from the machine-made story, and if its practitioners will look at *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, they will see that the force of the story lies in its freedom from formulae and devices and even in a certain raggedness. It is the tale of a bored young wife who is suddenly wakened to sexual love, its black jealousies and its humiliations, and is driven to commit several horrible murders. The tale goes on – as life does – beyond the point where most writers would have ended it, but by doing so it explores new emotions; we find ourselves feeling pity for a woman whose passion seems to have moved in on her like some creature she does not want. Again and again, in Leskov, something comes into the lives of the people and settles there immovably – an occupant against their wills. In this particular tale, after the first murder, when Caterina Lvovna is drowsing in bed with her lover, she sees a cat jump on to the bed and she strokes it. Yet there is no cat. It is a fantasy, the first intimation that she is henceforth 'occupied' by her lust and her crime.

Such characters in Western literature are commonly hounded by their authors, as Flaubert hounds Madame Bovary with art, or as Zola and Dickens hound them with the logic of melodrama and morality, in order to enhance a theatrical rather than a psychological sense of guilt. Leskov is much slacker. He lives in the feeling man or woman, drifting along in them through the empty hours of the day, those that do not contribute to art. And yet, what great art there is in his power first to make us feel compassion for this awful woman in her humiliation and then, suddenly, to arrest us by giving her one more murder in which she also kills herself! She and her lover are prisoners on the way to Siberia with a crowd of others and while they are crossing a river she throws herself in, dragging her pretty young rival with her:

> 'A boat hook! Throw them a boat hook!' shouted the people on the ferry.
>
> A heavy boat hook with a long rope attached flew through the air and splashed into the water. Sonya had disappeared again. Two seconds later, carried swiftly away from the ferry by the current, she again waved her arms; at that moment Katerina Lvovna appeared out of another wave, rose almost to the waist above the water, and hurled herself at Sonya like a big pike at a soft little perch and both of them went under.

Many of Leskov's stories are set in the barbarous period of Russian life which he must have heard of or seen in his youth. In a bitter moment Turgenev said Russians understood only the knout. The lash and the knout swing freely in his stories. One has the impression of a people who move violently from slavishness to some sort of lyrically heroic vision of themselves. One sees this in the long story of *The Enchanted*

**The Enchanted Wanderer*. By NIKOLAI LESKOV. *Central Books*. 6s.

Wanderer. The mixture is pungent. Here the picaresque hero is not the self-interested man, nor the innocent, but the man possessed. He is possessed by a fatal and masterly physical strength. The word 'enchanted' in the title really means magnetised and occupied by another's will. He is a people's jubilant yet repentant projection of itself and its situation, on a giant scale. He is the myth of natural myth-makers but so physically real that, at any point, any listener could take up the story and confirm it from his own life. The hero has no conscience; he simply knows that he is caught by Fate and will experience, even ask for, the knout of retribution.

In *The Sentry*, an ironical story about military bureaucracy in which a sentry is thrashed for leaving his post in order to rescue a drowning man, we see Leskov's preoccupation with goodness – a moral tale but a farcical one. I hope that next time the Moscow publishers will dig deeper into this prolific writer.

Carthage

Scorpions lurk under the loose stones
Marked on Leipzig maps, and electric tramways
Ride shallow loops over thrown-up bones;
Eternal dust guides shadowed gangways

To punic necropolia tombed-out
In timeless tangents, watched by upstart towers
Of a young cathedral, basilicas combed-out
By time's long competition and the hours

Of each's ruin. The shadow of Christ
And Hamilcar and the later dead
Back up the ancient argument: that whims are diced
Out by the timeless laugh of heaven. The bled

Lips of this dirty village, with the begging cry
Of children, prove that stone and scorpion lie.

ALAN SILLITOE

Birthday with One Candle

No glass-eyed doll, or tiger, stared like this.
We wait, amused at such bland innocence,
To see his cheeks like cherub's on a map.
But he'll not blow his celebration out
No more than Etna or Vesuvius;
Demonstrate gently, coax him, he'll not do it.

Is it the light, or littleness, he likes,
Whose eyes have been two looting, happy wasps
Across the coloured floor, the looming room,
Stinging our prides? We're watching one
Who hasn't learnt what self will do to things
Called common-place, named trivial, disdained.

All cause to stop, then, our bland overtures,
Leave him that little ace of light. Or else
We hit his nest, bring hornets to his gape,
Remind him of ourselves what's more; or stir
Those two incredibly blue volcanos,
Till lava bursts, blurs candle, bleeds his stare.

H. W. MASSINGHAM

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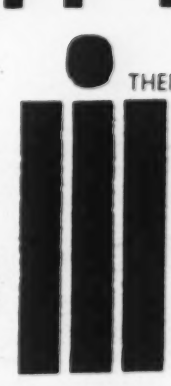

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The Arab-Jewish War

Both Sides of the Hill. By JON AND DAVID KIMCHE. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

What is the truth about those murky events which culminated in the British withdrawal from Palestine? The Israeli version is that half a million virtually unarmed settlers successfully defeated the attempt to exterminate them made by six Arab armies, equipped with British arms and instigated by Ernest Bevin. The Arab reply is to describe how one million refugees were driven from their homes by a huge Jewish army, equipped, with treacherous British connivance, by the Americans and the Russians. Already the facts are almost buried under a mountain of propagandist histories.

Both Sides of the Hill is not that kind of book. Though Jon and David Kimche saw the Arab-Jewish war from the Israeli side, they have made a far more strenuous effort than any of their predecessors to find out what actually happened – and why. They have obviously been influenced by the determination to see the enemy's point of view which inspired Liddell Hart's *The Other Side of the Hill*, and they have written a book which explodes as many Jewish as Arab legends. It is also scrupulously fair to the luckless British generals at the end of the 'chain of indecision' which linked Attlee, Bevin and Field Marshal Montgomery in London, with Jerusalem and Cairo. I gather that the Kimches have been able to see David Ben Gurion's private diaries, as well as subjecting their own manuscript to his detailed annotation. Perhaps it is because of this that their account of the war is the first in which full recognition is given to the role of King Abdullah, the one Arab who was a match, in statesmanship as well as in strategy, for the Israeli Premier.

The authors emphasise that, even compared with the Sinai campaign of 1956, the scale of the fighting was tiny. On 14 May, the day of Israeli independence, the total number of Jewish effectives was 35,000 men, equipped with 22,000 rifles, 11,000 sub-machine guns and four old pieces of artillery. The Arab troops, though much better equipped, were roughly equal in number and almost as short of ammunition. Each side was convinced that the other was overwhelmingly stronger – which explains why so many opportunities were missed by both.

By the end of the first truce, however, the balance of power had been transformed. Whereas the Arabs now had 40,000 men in Palestine, the Israeli armies had risen to 60,000: and their equipment was now markedly superior. Most important of all, they had achieved, under Ben Gurion, a unified command; whereas the Arab Legion, the Egyptians, the Iraqis and the Syrians were not only operating independently but manoeuvring against each other. The Egyptians, who, until a few days before it broke out, never intended to enter the war, were mainly concerned, by backing the Mufti's Palestinian administration, to prevent King Abdullah extending his rule over the Arab areas of Palestine. The Syrians and the Iraqis shared the Egyptians' suspicions of Hashemite intentions but were also anti-Jewish. These divergencies were skilfully exploited by the Israelis.

Three factors, indeed, gave the Jews their victory: (1) Ben Gurion's success at transforming a tangle of competing Resistance organisations and terrorist groups into a conventional army, organised on British lines; (2) the superior morale of the Jewish soldier (I note, however, that the Kimches record for the first time a surprising number of episodes in which the Jews were out-generaled and even at times out-fought by Arab troops); (3) the speed with which the Israelis learnt to use each successive truce for preparing their next offensive. Finally they imposed their own armistice terms by the secret threat of yet another truce violation – this time an offensive designed to clear the whole Arab triangle.

As for the role of the British Government, the Kimches' indictment is all the more damning because it is so restrained. Once it had been decided, in August 1947, to end the Mandate, Bevin's aim, apparently, was to ensure that Abdullah's Arab Legion should over-run most of Palestine, leaving a rump Jewish State, so weak that it would have to throw itself on the mercy of the British Government. This aim was so shameful that it was never revealed to the Cabinet and so could not be expressed in clear directives to the men on the spot. Hence that dreadful impression of weakness and indecision, combined with malignant anti-Jewish prejudice, which characterised British policy throughout. No wonder some of our generals – Stockwell, for example, in Haifa – were driven by outraged decency to take independent decisions, which frustrated Bevin's aim and in part saved the honour of Britain.

The Kimches also investigate the controversy about the reasons why the Arab refugees fled from their homes. In the case of Haifa, where the evidence is unusually clear, the mystery remains unresolved. The Jewish claim that the refugees left as a result of instructions from their leaders, and the Arab counter-claim that they were all driven out by force, are shown to be gross over-simplifications. The truth is probably as mixed and confused as the war itself.

Both Sides of the Hill is the result of many years of documentary research, enquiries on the spot and conversations with the main participants. The Kimches' aim has been not to write an epic but to puncture the legends and counter-legends with which truth has been overlaid. They have written a completely indispensable book, which provides for the first time the military foundations on which a serious history can be written of that untidy little war, which completely transformed the history of the Middle East.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

American Projections

The Red Executive. By DAVID GRANICK. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

This book – 'a comparison of the organisation man in Russian and American industry' – is based on the increasingly fashionable assumption that 'in any advanced country the same sorts of problems are involved in operating the complex industrial structure'. Dr Granick argues that executives in the two countries are 'brothers beneath the skin', but his claim that in studying Russian industry he 'rediscovered the American world of management' would carry more conviction were it not so explicitly denied by his own previous study, *The Management of The Industrial Firm in the USSR*, published in 1954, which concluded that

> The Soviet executive is quite unlike his counterpart in other countries because of the administrative system within which he has operated. Standards of recruitment have been different, and so have the demands made upon officials.

Dr Granick does not explain this reversal of position; indeed he now uses the same data (on, for example, social mobility) to suggest exactly opposite conclusions. Despite the help of *three* 'imaginative and painstaking student assistants', *The Red Executive* is, in fact, little more than a condensation of his previous (much more rewarding) book, glossed to support his new argument, padded with notes on a brief and utterly unmemorable 'trip' to Russia, and written in a style which oscillates disconcertingly between the ponderous sociology of 'unstructured environments' and 'conflicting subgoals' and a kind of folksy managerial journalism – Dr Granick 'bulls his way' into the Red Proletariat factory in Moscow, pays a call to the 'topflight' Leningrad Economic Institute, and writes cheerfully of the 'fabulous achievements of our Time and Motion boys'. His book is happily free of that strident tone which makes many essays in Sovietology look like products of some extra-mural department of the Cold War; but lack of prejudice does not compensate for the absence of sustained analysis.

Dr Granick's factual description – the autarchy of the plant, the subordination of market criteria to state-planned priorities, the continuing strength of the 'proletarian' ethos – does much to undermine his central thesis. Nevertheless he pursues his equations relentlessly: the Soviet Party member is the analogue of the American stockholder in giving legitimacy to the business system, the Presidium is 'very much the Board of Directors of the Soviet Union', the Comsomol – with its rewarding 'leadership roles' – an admirable surrogate for the Human Relations Course, Party indoctrination the equivalent of the business school, the golf course and the country club. Seeking to assimilate the Soviet experience to the categories of managerialist sociology – the division of authority between plant manager and party secretary represents, he says, a 'problem of small group behaviour' – Dr Granick produces some remarkably sedative, if insensitive, generalisations: the great purges 'speeded up job mobility among managers', ushering in 'widespread and rapid advancement of personnel', though (dysfunctionally) having a 'negative impact on the feeling of job security'.

In pursuit of these somewhat curious identifications, Dr Granick obscures much more than he illumines. To equate Soviet 'regionalisation' of industry with company devolution in the USA is to ignore the critical political importance of Krushchev's abolition of the planning ministries. To treat under the same rubric – 'job security' – the fact that Soviet managers are no longer shot and imprisoned, nor Americans so frequently sacked, is to show a strange unwillingness to consider the explosive changes that have taken place in Soviet society. History cannot be so easily discounted: the manager of a polytechnically-educated working class is in a vastly different situation from his predecessor, imposing draconian labour discipline on half-starved *Muzhik* migrants under the shadow of a ubiquitous secret police. Dr Granick's insistence on the *mechanisms* of conformity evades discussion of their differing qualities (every society, after all, legitimates its standards). The Soviet manager is part of a privileged and powerful elite; but it is not the same as the American. He lives in a society which still proclaims the primacy of the manual worker, he gains prestige as an 'economist' or 'engineer', not as salesman or

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(*Princeton University Press*) 40s *net*

business entrepreneur. There is no business ethic to support him, no Park Forest; for he lives in a strongly Puritan society where privileged living is more often the subject of reproof than of public celebration.

But of all this – the travail of the revolution, the heroism and the barbarities of primitive Soviet accumulation, the glaring contradictions which oppose Soviet ideology and Soviet reality – Dr Granick has nothing to say. His misleading determination discounts the uniqueness and devalues the significance of the Soviet phenomenon, and disables him from the serious comparative analysis so urgently needed. For it is a numbing teleology which projects an 'American' future for every society, and one no more likely to prove true than those – Whig or Progressivist – which it has latterly displaced.

RALPH SAMUEL

Style – or Stodge?

Method – or Madness? By ROBERT LEWIS. *Heinemann.* 21s.

Theatre – The Rediscovery of Style. By MICHEL SAINT-DENIS. *Heinemann.* 15s.

The Living Theatre. By ELMER RICE. *Heinemann.* 21s.

It is hardly possible these days to talk or write about the theatre without at some point being called upon to declare one's position in the 'Method' controversy. It seems a great waste of time. Surely no one can suppose that the Stanislavsky system is the best preparation for acting Racine or Brecht; or, on the other hand, that a Wagnerian stylisation is the proper kind of production for *Roots*? I like both wine and beer, but they are not always interchangeable.

The 'Method', like *tachisme*, leaves the field wide open to charlatans, and simply invites one to talk nonsense. Mr Robert Lewis, the American director and teacher, is well aware of the weeds in his beautiful garden, and was concerned in the series of New York lectures collected in *Method – or Madness?* to make it quite clear that the Stanislavski system is a complex discipline, a structure of mental and physical controls which can only be mastered by constant practice and intelligent application. It is not a magic wand. To prove his point, Mr Lewis takes us meticulously through every one of the 40 points in Stanislavsky's chart, analysing and amplifying each element until one feels that any actor who tried to apply all this at once to his role would rapidly go round the bend. Of course, this necessarily compressed presentation of the system is unfair to it, for the disciplines of any art are assimilated over the years, become as natural to the artist as breathing or blinking. The Method is merely a way of accelerating an actor's mastery of his inherent talents. Mr Lewis's aim here is not to teach the Method – that can only be done in the studio – but to show us what it is, and, almost as important, what it is not. For anyone interested in the theatre this is a necessary text: prospective readers should not be put off by the chatty rostrum manner, nor by the inconsequential first lecture. Once he gets to his meat Mr Lewis is lucid, vivid, and persuasive.

M. Saint-Denis, to whom, from a brief conversation over ten years ago, I owe a vision of the theatrical art that has persisted ever since, was lecturing in America about a year after Mr Lewis. If anyone attended both series they must at times have wondered if it were the same art that was being discussed. No less dedicated than Mr Lewis to the desired magic, M. Saint-Denis approaches the director's task from a position that must be almost incomprehensible to an American weaned on the heady milk of 'realism'. Correctly, he prefers to speak of 'naturalism' when referring to the current mode of stage illusion, for he was brought up in the strict classical French tradition, in which it is implicit that 'reality' is itself an illusion, only to be grasped in art through the perfection of style. 'One must love style. Style is liberation from the mud of naturalism.'

He goes, like all polemicists, too far. To discuss Pollock and Poussin in the same terms belittles both of them, for they are engaged in different activities, just as, in the theatre, the Royal Court and the Mermaid are. But although this slight book overstates its case, grasshoppers about disconcertingly, and lacks the authority and precision for which M. Saint-Denis is famed among actors, it does unearth some valuable elements of the theatre that were in danger of being swept aside by the tide of naturalist enthusiasm.

The Living Theatre is also based on lectures: in this case the impromptu teachings of a whole academic year. But Mr Elmer Rice is not reprinting his notes: this book is a synthesis of all that he discovered during that year about his own thinking on the subject of the theatre. A weightier, more comprehensive book than either of the others, it covers the whole field of theatrical production, from the initial impulse in the playwright's mind (and how accurate he is here!) through the history of the contemporary theatre in America, England, Russia, Japan; production and labour difficulties; acting ('the general advisability of a general application of the "Method" must be regarded with some scepticism'); designing, censorship – in fact, the lot. This is both a text-book for toddlers and a tonic for dodderers in the big exciting world of the theatre. It is practical, informative, alive, and vitally concerned for the health of our darling baby, who doesn't mind what people say of her, as long as they care enough to say something.

JEREMY BROOKS

Charlotte Brontë from the book by Mrs. Gaskell

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Dent

A Pioneer

Margaret McMillan: 'The Children's Champion'. By G. A. N. LOWNDES. *Museum Press* 15s.

There was something miraculous from the start about the career of this gifted and lovable woman, whose centenary is commemorated in this short life based on the recollections of surviving colleagues and friends. When Margaret and her sister Rachel went to Bradford in 1893 as un-salaried workers for a newly-formed socialist group, they were without influence, training or money, and had of course to function in an atmosphere bitterly hostile to their political views and to their sex. With no asset but her rare eloquence and her sense of dedication, Margaret had within months gained a following for novel and alarmingly exalted views on the duty of the community to its children; within a few years she had been elected a town councillor and had converted her tough Yorkshire colleagues to spending good money on unheard-of social experiments. Thanks to this young woman, Bradford could boast of the first school baths and school meals, the first school medical officer and school dentist. When it was found that there was no medical provision in the country, public or private, for coping with the horrible morass of preventible ailments revealed by school medical inspectors, she not only inaugurated school clinics but persuaded the dazed authorities in Whitehall to turn a blind eye to this illegal use of public funds.

The pattern of Margaret McMillan's unique contribution to the welfare of the under-privileged child was repeated when she and her sister moved to London in 1902, and ultimately set up her clinic at Deptford. As Sir Cyril Burt points out, 'she somehow managed to integrate in a kind of synoptic vision a practical synthesis of child psychology, child medicine and child training in an inspired educational plan'. Yet the vision was never enough to satisfy her; she had to tear down the present evils which afflicted her beloved children, with her bare hands if need be.

It revolted her, she told me once, that the community had herded its children compulsorily into schools since 1870 and had done nothing for them as human beings. 'Education' to her included what she called the 'nurture' (mental, moral, physical) of the whole child during the whole of its growth to adult life. If she now seems to have exaggerated the place of the school and undervalued that of the family, one has to remember that she did in fact always carry the parents along with her, and it was moreover essential to break into an evil tradition that accepted the vermin, sores, malnutrition and rotten teeth as norms for the working-class child. Most epoch-making of all her reforms was her spot-lighting of the dangerously

neglected condition of the under-fives and her creation of the first 'nursery school' on a dump-heap to supply their needs. Although this inspired move brought her fame all over the world, there have never been enough nursery schools in this country and the teachers trained on the admirable principles she laid down have to be employed too often in other institutions for young children.

Margaret's outstanding wisdom and personal devotion brought her a remarkable group of helpers and friends. Who else could boast of generous financial backing from Joseph Fels, that amiable Communist millionaire, and from Lady Astor? Yet she was not an easy colleague and G.B.S. was right in calling her 'cantankerous' at times. It is fair to say she made no enemies and even the officials who had to stamp on impossible projects would risk their professional lives to provide alternatives. For practical work she was very dependent on her brilliant team of assistants, and one wishes Mr Lowndes's rather scrappy history could have found more space to give them credit.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Films as History

Kino: A History of the Russian and Soviet Film. By JAY LEYDA. *Allen & Unwin.* 42*s.*

This is, I think, the first film history I have read that really deserves to be called history. Others have been surveys, cavalcades, with little or no reference to events. Most have come from America, with the limelight on Hollywood; and to read them, one wouldn't know that the world had changed at all between 1890 and 1960 except for women's fashions, the advent of the sound track, and two wars. For the outsider picking up one of these volumes there would be scarcely a hint that the cinema was capable of expressing ideas, stirring multitudes, and revealing humanity to itself in ways never before explored.

The historian of Soviet films begins with the advantage that he *can't* ignore ideas and events; here films *are* history; the trap for him will lie in his holding particular beliefs that will make him hostile or subservient to his material. Mr Jay Leyda is neither loudspeaker nor heckler. He moves freely; he is passionately interested; he is involved as few historians are, having been apprenticed to Eisenstein during the making of *Bezhin Meadow*. His account of that experience, relying on diaries of the time, takes us to the heart of film-making; its excitements, its adventures and disciplines have no parallel here except in war. This was true of the spirit of Soviet film-making in general – so long as it was expressing revolution in forms no less revolutionary. With conformity and dictatorship the inspiration vanishes from all but the true strongholds. Such is the double image of films no less than of politics and life among a people who have aimed at Utopia and at times touched depths hardly distinguishable from Fascism. *Kino* sees the virtues and faults in perspective, with the special sympathy of one who has lived with and away from them.

The surprise of Mr Leyda's narrative is that its 500-odd pages should be so readable. Wherever possible he dives for the first-hand account, and this carries us from the excommunicated Tolstoy glaring 'like a wild beast' from the screen in 1908, to Eisenstein, victim both of Communism and Capitalism, reeling off a 'comic autobiography' in hospital 40 years later. With his death 'an epoch ended

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MACMILLAN

in Soviet film history.' Film-making in Russia from 1948 to 1958 is allowed no more than a brief postscript – disappointing. But we shall be content to wait awhile if this historian will accumulate his detail for the post-Eisenstein years as he has for those preceding.

Among the many interesting comments he has to make – on the prophetic impact, for example, of the kinematograph very early in Russia – I came across the remark that in the last decade the impulse had not so much gone out of Soviet cinema as spread itself abroad: most urgently and strictly in Poland, but also in the neo-Realist movements elsewhere. A history of the Communist film in a hostile world, its principles and practice – that would be another subject, hugely worth undertaking.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

New Novels

Balcony in the Forest. BY JULIEN GRACQ. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

When the Green Woods Laugh. BY H. E. BATES. *Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ada Dallas. By WIRT WILLIAMS. *Muller.* 16*s.*

The Lost Europeans. BY EMANUEL LITVINOFF. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Balcony in the Forest, M. Gracq's first novel since *Le Rivage des Syrtes* won the Prix Goncourt in 1951, certainly reads as if it has been long brooded over. A heavily anagogic account of a claustrophic situation, it takes us back to autumn 1939. Young Lieutenant Grange, a Poe-lover caught between heroic pretensions and a more fundamental sense of *sauve qui peut,* commands an isolated, ill-equipped blockhouse on the Belgian frontier. His mission, never clearly stated by the dithering French General Staff, appears to be a spying-cum-rearguard action against German tanks – if they come. To Grange and his three men the 'if' is unimportant, for they believe themselves exempted from the war. The sonorous forest drugs them. Each settles comfortably into a manless family in the nearby village, and Grange has a brief, intense affair with Mona, a phthisic young dryad straight out of Maeterlinck or Charles Morgan. Before the Germans can advance the village is evacuated, the affair is over and Grange a new man, fatalistically serene. Hardly has the attack begun when the blockhouse gets a direct hit; Grange and one of his men escape through the emergency tunnel, and the book ends with him climbing wounded into bed in Mona's deserted house.

Anyone with a taste for archetypes will have a feast here. With fey, atavistic fervour M. Gracq elaborates his blockhouse in terms of a 'Red Riding Hood Hut', Verne's floating island and the Islands of the Blessed. The four men are now stranded fish, now unicorns; the forest is Arden. Grange, the most thoughtful of lieutenants, having too little to do, attends voraciously to everything. Consequently his perceptions are intense to the point of nausea; I can see this, and why he fills the void with his racing, lavish mind. But when M. Gracq not only underlines his own Wagnerian-Jungian allegories but even thickens up every impression with snarled images and softly wadded repetitions, the reading becomes tedious. He also catalogues a good deal, perhaps intending an antithesis of hard objects (in rooms, bags, pockets) to the whimsy and soft degeneration of the isolated men. All he achieves, however, is a crammed fable, brisk and pappy by turns, but almost redeemed by an exciting, austere account of the German advance that surrounds Grange long before touching him. Compared with such similar works as Dino Buzzati's *The Tartar Desert* and Ernst Jünger's *On the Marble Cliffs,* this is a lush, haunting novel. More's the pity M. Gracq trusts us so little to understand him first time round.

From the apocalyptic idyll to the *parvenu* paradise of Mr Bates's Larkin family. Here the pleasures of fatness accompany the panache of owning a Rolls car. Pop Larkin manages to foist a white elephant of a country estate on to Jerebohm the broker and, before long, is shooting J's pheasant's and fumbling after Mrs J's plumper parts. Suing ensues, but Pop the sybaritic Michelin man conducts his own defence perfickly. Mr Bates, sketching out the old bucolic vulgarities – peanut pâté and manure, promiscuity and thick gravy, Schiaparelli bath oil and the blue-tiled outdoor swimming-pool – baffles me. If he's joking, then he's stale; if he's deep, he's too oblique.

Three of Mr Williams's characters take turns in explaining how Ada Dallas, a high-class call-girl, rises to become Governor of Louisiana and ultimately falls, shot dead, from a high window. I can't help feeling I've seen her running saloons in Westerns and, as the novel never allows her to speak for herself, I can't dismiss the feeling or the incredulity that goes with it. What really went on in that stereotyped, degenerately astute head? We have to accept the inferences drawn by Steve, the good guy she ditched but kept on loving; Tommy Dallas, the Singing Sheriff, whom she had to marry to get both feet on the ladder; and Yancey, the chief of police, who murders for her, eventually shoots her and goes to the chair. The manipulator of them all is a wealthy senator, expert in the techniques of smear, bribery, extortion and steam-rollering. Ada develops some scruples towards the end, but not before Mr Williams has used up some thorough fieldwork into the machinery of political intrigue and the psychopathology of power. The prose lunges along and I particularly like the way each character establishes his own idiom and rhythm in explaining things. Mr Williams's main affinity is with John O'Hara; his main weakness his reluctance to explore the minds of the two prime movers: both remain enigmas.

The Lost Europeans, Mr Litvinoff's first novel, movingly tells how a young Jew, Martin Stone, returns to Berlin to seek restitution of his parents' losses. Soon involved in the troubles of Hugo, the once brilliant wit and playwright, now apathetic, obese and balding, he falls in love with Karin, whom the Russians raped. This could have been a maudlin, moaning book; but Mr Litvinoff skilfully besieges his characters with life's demands, and twists their nostalgias into lively versions of the modern scene. Loving a Gentile from the Eastern Zone, yet impelled to share the sufferings of all Hugos, Martin sheds his superficial Englishness and finds a complex road to maturity before leaving the treacherous, divided city. Hugo, too decent for a world of aliases, is murdered for seeking out an old friend who is now a power in the Russian Zone. This is a searching, saddening and dignified postscript to Isherwood: in parts a little too documentary, but the facts curb a pathos threatening to spill.

PAUL WEST

French Autocracy

The Second Empire. BY G. P. GOOCH. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

With French democracy permanently in danger today, it is revealing, if not comforting, to read about the more thorough Bonapartist autocracy of a century ago. That authoritarianism was imposed on a society harbouring an astonishing number of major issues: class against class; monarchy against republic; Bourbon versus Orleanist; clericalism against laicism. Spicing the brew was one more ingredient, the memory of glories under the first Bonaparte.

Covering the years from Napoleon III's *coup* in 1851 to his defeat at the hands of Prussia in 1870, Dr Gooch has not written a history of the period so much as reproduced a vivid cross-section of contemporary French society.

First, the Emperor himself. 'My name,' he declared, 'is a complete programme in itself.' Rattled by the social upheaval of 1848 and Proudhon's cry, '*La propriété c'est le vol,*' the bourgeoisie were willing to follow strong government where they could find it. But the resistance of Orleanists like Thiers, republicans like Cavaignac, intellectuals like Victor Hugo, had ultimately to be overcome by force. Bloodshed, admittedly on a limited scale by 1848 standards, ensued.

The new constitution of 1852, Dr Gooch points out, was as unashamedly monolithic as that of the First Empire. The President alone could appoint Ministers and initiate legislation. But the author's moral is that no single human being can safely be entrusted with the destinies of a nation, and indeed by 1869 catastrophe was imminent. Forgetting Bismarck's maxim that politics is the art of

BOTH SIDES OF THE HILL

Jon & David Kimche

DAVID BEN GURION

writes: *"It is the best book on the Israeli War of Independence that I have ever read. It puts events which occurred in Washington, London, the Arab capitals and in Israel itself in their proper perspective and reveals much which has hitherto been unpublished."*

This is the only reliable account of these vital events, and it radically revises all previous accounts of the war and the leading participants. The authors have had access to the secret Israeli archives and the confidential reports of the Arab League. They have talked with the leaders, British, Arab, Israeli. One of them fought in the war itself as an Israeli soldier; the other observed it as a newspaper correspondent with exceptional facilities.

25s.

Secker & Warburg

the possible, Bonaparte and Eugénie initiated the 1870 war in a spirit of wild and irresponsible pride. Defeat followed defeat: MacMahon and Bazaine were no match for Moltke, and Napoleon himself surrendered with 80,000 men. It was all over.

Writing with penetrating insight, Dr Gooch sketches vivid portraits of the Duc de Morny, Princess Mathilde, Ollivier, Haussmann, Persigny, and the Empress herself, of whom Lord Cowley remarked, somewhat uncharitably: 'to put this *intrigante* on the throne is a lowering of the imperial dignity with a vengeance'. Dr Gooch has chosen to portray political beliefs and parties in terms of their leading exponents: Thiers ('had he been an Englishman he would have been a pillar of the Whigs'), the Orleanist D'Aumale, the Legitimist Berryer, Jules Favre the Republican, Gambetta the brilliant and scathing lawyer, Proudhon the Socialist.

Dr Gooch has attempted a great deal, perhaps too much. Hugo gets only six pages, Proudhon one and a half, George Sand three and a half, Flaubert four. But this book, a mosaic of carefully fashioned fragments forming a brilliant picture of the age, will give pleasure to professional and layman alike, proving yet again that readability, humour and outspoken judgments are not incompatible with the best scholarship.

DAVID CAUTE

Father and Son

George and Robert Stephenson. BY L. T. C. ROLT. *Longmans.* 30s.

Samuel Smiles, the apostle of self-help and the first biographer of George Stephenson, rejoiced 'that nearly all that has been done for the improvement of the steam engine has been accomplished, not by philosophers and scientific men, but by labourers and enginemen'. And so his biography of that most famous 'engineman' is a straightforward success story. But to us, as well as to his professional engineering contemporaries, the quality of George Stephenson's genius remains obscure. His most original technological achievement was the invention of the miners' safety lamp. His contributions to railway engineering were successful rather than original: Richard Trevithick was the real originator of the steam locomotive. As an administrator Stephenson was incompetent. Although he had the vital vision of England transformed by railways, he was on the whole obstinately conservative in engineering matters. Whereas Brunel and Telford, Mr Rolt's previous subjects, enjoyed careers which present a dramatic inevitability, Stephenson remains the most inscrutable of engineering heroes.

Three factors – apart from the vision of railways on which everything else depended – enabled Stephenson to achieve greatness. These were his strength of will, his sense of the possible in engineering, and his son Robert. Once Stephenson accepted an idea, that was that. According to Smiles he 'adhered to opinions once formed with remarkable tenacity and even seemed to acquire a certain fixity of ideas which precluded the consideration of plans at variance with his own'. A sense of the possible distinguishes great politicians and great engineers, and Stephenson had just the right amount of visionary enthusiasm: less and the whole thing would never have started; more and it would never have worked. Once he had determined on railways, the better was never allowed to stand in the way of the good. Much of the excellence of Mr Rolt's book is in exemplification of this theme in the interplay of idea and technique in the construction of the locomotive.

The importance for George of his son Robert is brought out for the first time by Mr Rolt. George was conscious of his own defects in education, and determined that his own powers would be supplemented by those of his son. Remarkably enough, this scheme worked. Robert designed the *Rocket*, the locomotive which, by winning the Rainhill trials, determined that the Stephensons would have a national rather than a local fame in railway engineering. In character, Robert complemented his father. Where George was confident, Robert was diffident; where George was prejudiced, Robert was open-minded. Robert's receptiveness to the ideas of the London steam-carriage experimenters led him to initiate modern locomotive design.

Robert, literate, self-doubting, and creative, is a more sympathetic figure to us than his father, and Mr Rolt is at his best with him. Although Robert transformed the locomotive, circumstances determined that all his later work was in large-scale civil engineering. The fantastic hard work, the responsibilities, and the triumphs of such endeavours are well described, and the account of the building of the Britannia Bridge is masterly.

Mr Rolt deals only in passing with the social and economic factors affecting the rise of the railways. He is mainly concerned with the men and with their engineering achievements, and in describing these he does superlatively well. His book, both accurate and readable, is an outstanding example of the biographical approach to a wider understanding of the meaning of technological achievement.

T. L. COTTRELL

Shorter Reviews

Handicapped Youth. BY THOMAS FERGUSON and AGNES W. KERR. *Oxford: Nuffield Foundation.* 15s.

As the reports on current social studies come thicker and faster from the publishers, all of them honestly deprecating their own inadequacy and urging yet more research, their probable readership must be shared out ever more thinly. It also becomes more and more necessary to resist the philistine gibe that we are merely being told, in a specially evolved language, what we have been telling each other more simply for years (as though no social survey is worth the money unless it produces astonishing results). Professor Ferguson and Miss Kerr, working from Glasgow University's Department of Public Health and Social Medicine, offer here a report on 1,000 Glasgow school-leavers with physical and mental disabilities which, in effect, tells us what we thought or guessed – for example that the rate of criminality among such people up to the age of 25 appears to be about twice what it is among a comparable but normally healthy group.

But this report is devastatingly objective. A 1952 study by Professor Ferguson, also in Glasgow, had shown how badly such children fared after leaving school – one in five out of work three years later, one in 13 never having worked at all. Having sought, in this study, new ways of improving their hopes of really suitable employment by giving them careful vocational guidance before and for several years after leaving school, Professor Ferguson has to report that the total progress was 'insignificant'. The reason? The help came too late, and should have been supplemented when it came by more effort at 'improving their home environment.'

The case histories are unusually revealing, the case of 'Mary D' (page 40) being typical – a girl with a cardiac valvular condition who had rheumatic fever when she was seven. She had to give up various jobs – machinist, Woolworth's counter-hand, etc. – and then, keeping house while her mother went out to work, she settled down to draw sickness insurance benefit. It is one example of the involved economic liability these young people represent.

C.H.R.

The West Point Atlas of American Wars, Vol I, 1689-1900. Vol. II, 1900-1953. *Stevens.* 15gns.

Since war, even today, is in the last resort concerned with the acquisition and loss of territory, the map is more than just an aid to understanding, like the statistician's graph; it frequently provides the essential clue as to why a battle was won and lost, and often as to why it was fought in the first place. These two massive volumes, originally prepared for the use of the cadets at West Point, are one of the most important contributions to military cartography ever attempted. Pre-eminence in the art of making and printing clear and detailed maps seems over the years to have passed from Germany to America, and the West Point authorities have made good use of this skill, accompanying each campaign or strategic map with a clear, if occasionally bald, narrative.

The British student of military history should not be put off by the title, for the series covers every war in which the United States has participated as well as those in which she has been the chief protagonist. Thus the second volume has a complete set of strategic and battle maps for the whole of both World Wars, and those relating to purely British engagements like Gallipoli or the Western Desert campaigns are superior to anything yet produced in this country; while the central section of the first volume can be considered as the first definitive

'No better book about contemporary Africa has been written by any living author' THE TIMES

A NEW EARTH

AN EXPERIMENT IN COLONIALISM

ELSPETH HUXLEY

CHATTO & WINDUS 30s net

series of maps on the Civil War, hitherto strangely ill-charted in this respect despite the mass of books devoted to it. The standard of workmanship and clarity is so high that one can only regret the service bias of its compilers which has led them to concentrate on land battles only.

A. B.

The Population Explosion and Christian Responsibility. By RICHARD M. FAGLEY. *Oxford.* 28s.

The author of this well-written, carefully documented 'memorandum . . . to our clergy and laity' is a Congregational minister (and Yale graduate) who has specialised in work having to do with the churches' concern in international affairs. He argues the immense importance of the population question and the need for a well-informed and positive Christian attitude towards population control. The first six chapters give a fair and accurate summary of the demographic facts which will be of great service to all those religious people who are uneasily conscious of looming problems and wish to see them in unsensationalised perspective. There follow eight chapters on the teaching of the world religions, of the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Early Church, and the Orthodox, Catholic and Protestant Churches on the ethics of procreation and the permissibility of controlled conception. This part of the book will be of interest to the student of social problems, whether religious or not, as a conspectus of developing doctrine on matters central to the happiness of individuals and societies.

Clearly a major factor in limiting an international approach to the world population problem is Catholic opposition to contraception, and Dr Fagley does not conceal his own satisfaction that within the æcumenical movement opinion has crystallised the other way. The clash of opinion is dramatic and the situation urgent; but Dr Fagley suggests that Catholic opinion (like Marxist opinion) may have 'growing points' in this area, despite apparent doctrinal impasse.

C.M.

Elizabeth Bowen

A TIME IN ROME

'Miss Bowen, that consummate artist in the handling of prose, has . . . provided the perfect introduction for the tourist.' *Harold Nicolson,* THE OBSERVER

'. . . some shrewd speculation about personalities as diverse as Tiberius, Cellini and St. Paul . . .' *Simon Raven,* THE SPECTATOR

'. . . a love-affair with a city . . . by the exercise of a kind of telepathy, of sympathetic magic, she evokes its most subtle flavours . . .' THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

'The book I am happiest to have written'

21*s*

Longmans

Week-end Competition

No. 1,587 **Set by L.W.B.**

A current advertising campaign in the national Press shows a cigarette packet superimposed on a facsimile reproduction of a page from a 1900 edition of the paper concerned. Competitors are invited to extend the campaign by composing suitable extracts (limit 120 words) from a 1900 edition of one of the following: NEW STATESMAN, *Radio Times, Time, Daily Worker, Woman.* Entries by 2 August.

No. 1,584 **Set by Maurice Richardson**

The new intellectual and Freudian Westerns suggest the possibility of some English equivalent – nineteenth-century boys' books rewritten in the light of modern psychiatry-conscious ways of life. The usual prizes are offered for extracts from: *With Drake and His Psychiatrist on the Spanish Main,* by G. H. Henty; *The Coral Island – A Study of Homo-erotic Sadism in the Pacific*; *The Gorilla Hunters in Pursuit of the Father Image,* both by R. M. Ballantyne; *Dick o' the Fens, the Formative-traumatic years of the Squirearch-hero,* by G. Manville Fenn.

Report

Two competitors complained of limitation of models. I sympathise. I wish now I had enlarged the field to allow for a wider choice of classics to travesty. Even so, there were plenty of zestful entries, including some too gleefully clinical to be printable, and a pleasing whiff of Perelmania.

Drake and his psychiatrist were by far the most popular figures. And by the side of the couch – or hammock – in that cabin in the poop of the *Pelican* or the *Golden Hind,* much symbolic significance seemed to be attached to the singeing of the King of Spain's beard. It was summed up for us by D.A.J.S.: 'And the singeing of the beard, the emblem of manhood, what is that but the "castrationis complectio" that Galen tells of?'.

There were promising beginnings. I liked this from Hilary Evans:

> 'Call me mother-directed if you will, Mr Mate, but I'm wretched away from the open sea.'
> 'Foetal nostalgia – nothing so common, sir!'

And Lyndon Irving's prelude to a bold but over-crude analysis of the recurrent Plymouth Hoe dream and the game of bowls:

> 'The hammock, my Captain,' coaxed Dr Polfuddle. Francis slowly swung himself into the suspended reticulations which so closely reflected the pattern of his tortured neurones.
> 'D'ye dream?' asked Polfuddle.
> 'Ay, arl the time, o' Plymouth Hoe.'

Vera Telfer's leech, after establishing that the Captain had been 'denied a taper o' nights by his truckle bed', attempted a racialist interpretation:

> 'You hate the black man and the swarthy Spaniard and yet you seek them because you are surfeited with the white skinned maid of Devon and at court.'

Allan M. Laing afflicted Drake with a powerful load of imperialist guilt:

> 'Patriotism and plunder!' Drake said with an oath. 'Every time I sink a shipload of Spaniards, or seize a cargo of dubloons, I hate myself. Am I a murderer and a thief, or am I a national hero? Tell me that, you quack imitation of a sawbones!'
> 'Relax, my dear Captain, relax,' Mr Jeremy Coucher replied.

There were some alarming Coral Island incidents, though perhaps nothing quite so frightful as the original canoe-launching scene. B. P. M. Wilkinson's throwaway justification of cannibalism was in the mood:

> 'Surely they are not going to murder them?' said I, looking anxiously into Bill's face.
> 'Murder!' rejoined Bill. 'They are doing them a service. These creatures are gregarious but victims of environmental pressures. There is a meat shortage in these islands . . .'

The redoubtable Peterkin featured in some unprintable entries. Nancy Gunter neatly evaded all the issues and implications with a de-frustration device:

> Since forbidden fruit is proverbially sweet, we three boys, marooned as we were on a completely uninhabited island, found it difficult to extract much pleasure from the release of our libidos, and we rather missed the restrictions imposed upon us by our elders. None of us admitted this till one day Peterkin burst into tears and flung himself face down on the sand . . .

He, Peterkin, also stole the picture in *The Gorilla Hunters* entries. L. G. Udall's was the best of these. Here is his scene in front of the gorilla's grave:

> Peterkin broke off a branch and set to work. He made a crude cross and just where the splashes of blood smeared the ground planted it. He knelt before it and drew his hunting knife. Laboriously he began to carve or rather scratch. 'In memory,' he knelt deep in thought. 'In memory of a great,' he hesitated then quickly scratched 'disaster'. With a sob he leaped to his feet and ran.

Only one competitor attempted *Dick o' the Fens,* but he was, for reasons best known to himself and his psychiatrist, obsessed with the Amazon.

No single entry was quite perfect or complete in itself. I think perhaps the fairest way would be to split the psychiatrist's fee evenly between all those from whom I have quoted.

City Lights

I Have Lived Long Enough

Puffed, morning-after eyes disconsolately recognise again the yellow leaf into which the Tory way of life has fallen. Sir Stafford hovered patiently over the party, and bureaucrats soberly, politicians reluctantly, are now beginning to remember our obstinate failure to export up to their expectations. Britain's share in world exports of manufactured goods has been falling steadily for so long after the obvious explanations had been worked out – the Board of Trade's statistical examinations have shown only that senility is not any single or obvious disease – that the fact became unfit for discussion in decent society: it was deliberately charmed out of sight during the past, last two years of golden rejuvenation. But the party is over. Exports are not rising even now, when there was most reason to pin hopes on them, and things are likely to get worse before they get better.

So MacCirce, complaining, is transformed into MacCripps, and the three businessmen's organisations agree, with misgivings, to assemble 400 tycoons in Church House, Westminster. The election-winner appears, mouths his way gallantly through his brief, and then breaks down into giggles – declares

that 'exporting is fun' and that he is sending his junior ministers ('I understand that our German friends have coined a word, Exportfreudigkeit, or roughly "export joy"') to announce the new gospel around the country. The hard-boiled 400, however, did not giggle at all. Most of them are now seriously worried, not so much about the immediate situation (which is no worse than they are used to) but about the long-term outlook for British industry.

Now that election fervour has given way to a credit squeeze it is easy to realise that the first interval for manoeuvre to have turned up since the war has been wasted in a stock exchange boom and a hire purchase spree and that the treadmill stands where it stood before. Many of them, too, seem to feel that a change has taken place in the international atmosphere – that the cream of the post-war boom has been eaten, that competition is likely to become tougher, profit margins narrower, and the difference between the Marconi way of life and other people's more painfully obvious. Most of them – and nearly everyone else outside the House of Commons and the Beaverbrook Press – want Britain to commit herself to Europe unreservedly and at once.

But the government has apparently decided to shelve the whole awkward European problem. The official pretexts – duty to the Commonwealth (which is busily negotiating with the Six) and duty to agriculture – make sense only in a dream-world. Dreams are fun, of course: but those of the hard-boiled 400 who want Britain to join Europe obviously think that a course of slaps and cold showers, administered under friendly medical supervision, is the best way to cure us of them. If we do not join, the unspoken corollary runs, the choice lies between the cold-turkey of free trade and an accelerating drift through inflation and devaluation to the point where technocrats, right or left-wing, take control.

* * *

Japan is a problem still sufficiently remote to be left to the cold mercy of civil servants. The politicians have managed to persuade themselves that Japan, which can support its population only by selling the manufactures it produces cheaply, will remain part of the West however long it is excluded from western markets. The latest Anglo-Japanese trade agreement, reached after weeks of negotiation, allows for a mere £3m more trade each way, but it has already provoked howls of annoyance from sensitive British manufacturers. There is no sign whatsoever of any break in the attitude which causes us, year after year, to lead other members of GATT in assuming that Japanese goods are the inevitable exception to every rule and must always be specially handicapped. There really *is* something peculiar about a yellow skin.

* * *

The fight between Pye and the ring of established telephone manufacturers for control of Telephone Manufacturing has now reached a critical stage. Mr Stanley of Pye has done all he can, through interviews with the Board of Trade and telegrams to the Postmaster-General, to win popular support, and the syndicate's decision to make a last increase in its bid, while announcing that it has 12¼ per cent of the shares, is a confession of weakness: Pye, which probably has a much larger proportion already, can now make whatever move best suits it. The market price of Telephone Manufacturing shares, in the meantime, has reached a point nearly three times as high as it was before the rumpus began – and well above what they are worth on any but prestige considerations.

Company News

Thorn Electrical, still branching out, has acquired Brimar from Standard Telephones and will now be able to manufacture its own TV tubes.

Distillers, which makes most of the country's gin and whisky and has flourishing chemical interests besides, has been able to report a trading profit up by over a fifth to nearly £33m and investment income up by a third to £2.4m, with a dividend up from 12½ to 15 per cent and a promising one-for-five scrip issue to follow.

Fairey, having sold out of helicopters, has bought control of the Siebe-Gorman life-saving equipment business; two more medium-sized electrical firms, *Hackbridge & Hewittic* and *Switchgear & Cowans*, are thinking of merging against the competition of the giants; and *Lodge Plugs* has managed to get its profit back to that of the palmy days with a jump of 130 per cent – the cautious improvement in dividend from 15 to 20 per cent serves as a reminder of the immediate outlook for the motor industry.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

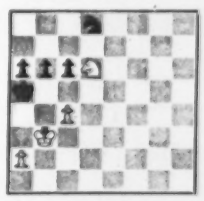
No. 558. To Trap or not to trap . . .

Is that the question? I shouldn't think so. I wouldn't, for one moment, question a chess-player's sacred and inalienable right to set traps to his heart's content. I was glad to learn that at least one very great master, Vidmar, has shared this view all his life; yet, at least one other great master, Janowski, used to disapprove of traps most indignantly. He considered them unworthy of a chessmaster, opining that victory should be sought by violence rather than wile. The two grandmasters had many a heated argument about it while playing innumerable skittles at Hastings in 1925, and they finally compromised by Vidmar's readiness to shout *Achtung, Falle*!, whenever he ventured to set some little trap. I gleaned this information from the *Deutsche Schachzeitung* which was privileged to print some most appetizing morsels from Vidmar's forthcoming memoirs. He mentions his old friend Bernstein's objection to trapping (certainly when he happens to be the trappee rather than the trapper) and he tells us how, for more than half a century by now, Bernstein has been reproaching him for the way he "trapped" him at St. Petersburg 1909. But let's judge for ourselves, while following Vidmar's own arguments against his old friend's censure of his tactics. Here's the position after White's 22nd, Bernstein having just played Q-B3. Feeling that inactivity when facing an attack might be fatal, Vidmar realised that his opponent's last move was meant indirectly to protect his well-placed QB against the threat of . . . Kt-Kt1 which could now be countered by QxP. So Vidmar began to set his "trap" by . . . Kt-Kt3, and I wonder if readers begin to see how, five moves later, this Kt is to jump to the capture of the "trapped" Queen. After 23) K-R2 Vidmar made yet another important preparatory move by . . . R-Q2; Bernstein continued his attack by the obvious 24) R-KKt1, and now came that wily snare . . . Kt-Kt1!! Without a moment's thought and somewhat triumphantly Bernstein played 25) QxP, and like a flash Vidmar countered . . B-B3!!, and then rose to have a look at the other boards. When he returned after half an hour, Bernstein interrupted his ruminations by a reproachful glance and then went on brooding. The sequel being:

26) Q-B8, R-K2!; 27) Kt-K6, Kt-Q2; 28) QxR, KtxQ; 29) P-Kt5, Kt-Kt1; 30) Kt-B5, PxKt; 31) resigns [Lasker later found a "sporting chance" in 27) Kt-R5!, Kt-Q2; 28) KtxB, KtxQ; 29) BxKt, Q-R2!; 30) KtxB!, RxKt; 31) BxQP etc.].

After this, fairness demands to show Bernstein in his more customary rôle. How then, in the 4-pointer for beginners, did White force the win quite brilliantly? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder - points) are both draws, the former a "classic" by one of the three pioneers (the others being Lolli and Ponziani) who glorified Modena in the chess history of the 18th Century.

A: Bernstein, 1909



Usual prizes. Entries by 2 August.

B: Ercole del Rio, 1750: /7k R7,8 7P,6K1/ 8 p7,r7/.

C: A. O. Herbstman, 1926: /b6kt kP3p1q/ p2K1Pp1 P5Pp 7P,8,7B 8/.

REPORT on No. 555 Set 2 July

A: 1) Q-Kt8 ch!, KxQ; 2) Q-K8 ch!, K-R2; 3) Q-Kt8 ch, K-R3; 4) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt4; 5) QxRP ch and forces stalemate. 1) . . . K-R3 is countered by 2) Q-B8 ch etc.

B: 1) R-R8 ch, K-K2; 2) B-Kt5 ch, B-B3; 3) R-R7 ch, K-K3; 4) R-R6 ch, K-B4; 5) BxB, R-Kt5 ch; 6) K-B1, R-Kt5; 7) Kt-B4!, RxB; 8) R-R5 mate.

C: 1) Kt-B8 ch, K-K1; 2) Kt-K6, R-Kt1 (. . . R-R2 loses the exchange); 3) Kt-B7 ch, K-B1 (2); 4) R-B1 ch, K-K2; 5) Kt-K6 ch, K any; 6) R-R1 mate.

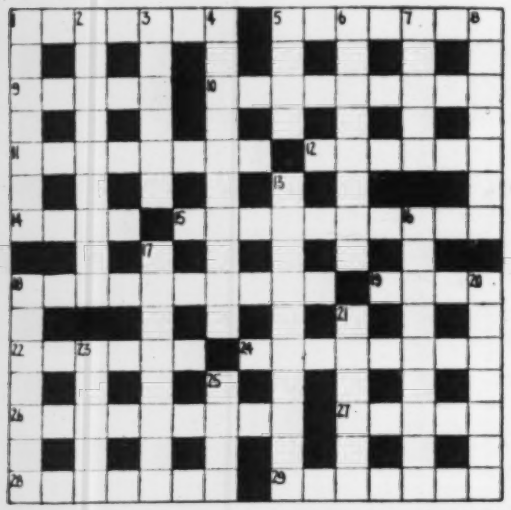
if 1) . . . K-B1; 2) R-B1 ch, K-Kt1; 3) Kt-Q7 ch, K-R2; 4) R-R1 mate.

Prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, J. P. Ford, H. Garfath, E. T. O. Slater.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 415

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 415, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 2 August.



ACROSS

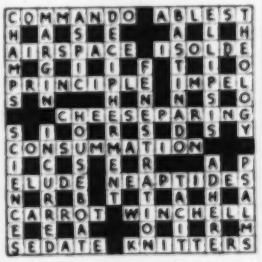
1. Twofold thing (7).
5. Corsets altered in front parts (7).
9. Fibre which comes in when this is all out of season (5).
10. A fresh race for the paper (9).
11. Like Bunter, a nuisance to those with fruit (8).
12. It brings victory to the consistent loser (6).
14. Pure creature (4).
15. The vehicle is in contact with ammunition cases (10).
18. The name in the phone exchange makes an appearance (10).
19. Unwritten, but if past it might be a letter (4).
22. Give father the reverse of nothing for material (6).
24. Expanding language used in archaeology (8).
26. Food spoilt when it is past eight (9).
27. Everyone goes round to the island (5).
28. Bird box brawl (7).
29. Remark without hidden danger for the province (7).

DOWN

1. Possibly stand up for a housewife's help (7).
2. Assume louts wrong in the head (9).
3. Called in poetry (6).
4. Greetings when sailors get together with fish (10).
5. Cutting remarks? (4).
6. An officer with evidence of debt is critical (8).
7. Think of love and waste away (5).
8. 'The sapient —— of the Lord' (Eliot) (7).
13. A stoic rite develops into barbarism (10).
16. With a change of heart bulls would have the makings of a brave hero (9).
17. One who brightens up the city with a woman (8).
18. As religious people, the Irish are about the worst (7).
20. Supporter on the left in law (7).
21. Empty one vessel in another (6).
23. Semi-ducal cinema (5).
25. Washes up a dish (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 413



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 413

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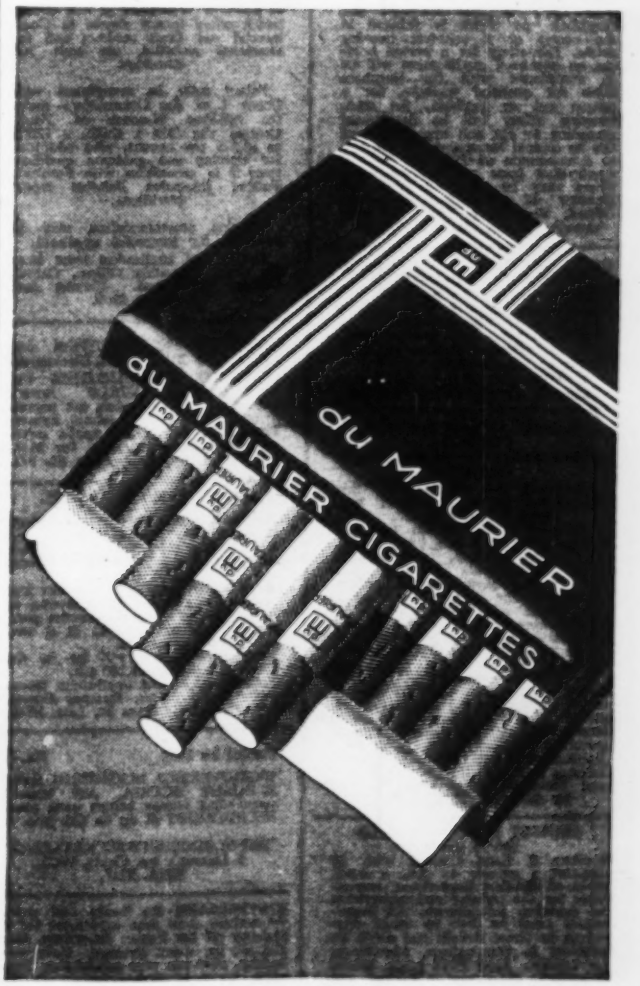

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ROYAL INFIRMARY AND QUEEN'S PARK HOSPITAL, BLACKBURN

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

This is a new appointment and the successful candidate would be expected to build up a clinical psychological service as part of the team in the Department. This is a comprehensive Department covering all branches of psychological medicine and serving a population of approximately 254,000. In due course, the successful applicant would probably be asked to participate in a Regional scheme for the training of Clinical Psychologists and would also be expected to participate in the service offered by the Department to other Consultants in the Group. Facilities wd be provided for appropriate research. Candidates must possess an Honours Degree in Psychology and should normally have had not less than five years' experience in the grade of Psychologist. Salary and other conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale, viz.: £1,025 × £50(8) – £1,425 p.a. Applications, naming two referees, to be made to the Group Secretary, HMC Office, Royal Infirmary, Blackburn.

ESSEX
CRAYLANDS YOUTH CENTRE, Timberlog Lane, Basildon.

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities, for over 300 members.

Salary scale in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz: £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum, plus additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries report conditions.

Housing accommodation may be available for successful applicant.

Details and application form from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 5 August 1960.

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHER wtd for working BOYS hostel, Blackheath.

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHER wtd for working GIRLS hostel, Leytonstone. Both hostels are experimental units for ESN school leavers. For further details and applic forms apply The National Assoc. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St, W1.

BORSTAL BOYS' HOSTEL

Applications which should be received not later than 2 August are invited from a man and wife to open a new and experimental hostel for ex-borstal boys in London.

The work will call for experience and imagination and is only of interest to those prepared to take a creative part, as members of a team, in a new venture.

Joint remuneration will be in the region of £1,250 p.a.

Further details and application forms from F. C. Foster, Romney House, (7th Floor), Marsham St, Lon. SW1.

Scilliad for Secs No. 5

EXTROVERTED ELKHOUND seeks ELEGANT EGERIA. And several outstanding human beings want good SECRETARIES at up to £15 p.w. –

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

ENTHUSIASM for books and politics matters more than experience for the Manager of the Fabian Bookshop. Good first job for recent graduate. Four weeks holiday, £475 p.a. plus commission. Please write: Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lettore in Italian. Applications are invited for the position of Lettore in the Department of Italian. The appointment will be initially for a period of five years. Applicants, whose mother tongue must be Italian, should be graduates of an Italian university who have specialised in the study of Italian Language and Literature. They should also have had experience in teaching at a senior level in Italy. All courses conducted by the Lettore are to be given in Italian. According to qualifications and experience the Lettore will receive the salary of a Lecturer or a Senior Lecturer. The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is £A2,550 × 95 – £3,000 per annum and for a Lecturer £A1,730 × 105 – £2,435 per annum. In each case the commencing salary within these ranges will also be determined by qualifications and experience, and a cost of living adjustment (at present £A5 p.a.) will be allowed. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 5 September 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lectureship in History. The University invites applications for a Lectureship in History. The salary scales for Lecturers are Grade II, £A1,450 – 60 – £A1,630, and Grade I £A1,630 – 60 – £A2,050. It is expected that by the time the appointment is made these scales will have been increased to – Grade II, £A1,650 – 70 – £A1,860, and Grade I, £A1,860 – 70 – £A2,350. Appointment will be offered within either of these grades according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 August 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Physical Welfare Officer (Female). Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. A knowledge of a wide field of recreational activities both for individuals and for groups, and the ability to teach physical skills to an advanced level is desirable. The salary will be £900 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,100 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee and, where applicable, for dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within specified limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London on 31 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Senior Lecturer in Department of German. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post. Duties to be assumed on 1 January 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary will be according to the scale £1,590 × 60 – £2,070. A commencing salary above the minimum notch may be paid on the grounds of special qualifications or experience. Membership of the University Institutions' Provident Fund is compulsory, and membership of the University Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory in the case of an officer who is found eligible in terms of the rules. Intending applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in South Africa and London on 31 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Department of Phonetics and General Linguistics. Chair of Phonetics and General Linguistics. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Professor and Head of the Department of Phonetics and General Linguistics. Duties are to be assumed as from 1 January 1961. The salary attached to the appointment will be according to the scale £2,400 × 100 – £2,700. The initial notch will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Membership of the University Institution's Provident Fund and University Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory. Intending applicants may obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 August 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MONASH University, Clayton, Victoria, Australia. Professor of Philosophy. The Interim Council of Monash University wishes to offer courses in Philosophy when teaching begins in March 1961, and accordingly invites applications for appointment to its Foundation Chair of Philosophy. As the Foundation Professor the appointee will, amongst other things, be required not only to advise the Interim Council on the introduction and development of his own discipline but also to assist in the planning and development of the general academic structure of the University as a whole. He will be required to take up duty as soon as possible after appointment. The salary will be £A4,000 (minimum), plus superannuation similar to FSSU. General information about Monash University was contained in an advertisement published on 10 June 1960, but further information and details of the terms and conditions of appointment for this Chair may be obtained from the Registrar of the University, Box 92 Post Office, Clayton, Victoria, Australia, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 22 August 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the University Appointments Board. Applicants should be graduates; appropriate experience is essential. The person appointed will be responsible, under the general direction of a Board set up by the University Council, for the work of the University Appointments Board which is concerned mainly with advising undergraduates and graduates (including those from the Manchester College of Science and Technology) about careers, with their placing in suitable employment and with the establishment and maintenance of contacts with industry, commerce and schools. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary within the range £1,925 to £2,325 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Forms of application and further partics may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be sent by 13 Aug. 1960.

THE Scientific Civil Service needs men and women for pensionable posts as (a) Senior Scientific Officers and (b) Scientific Officers in all major scientific fields, including Physics; Engineering; Chemistry, Meteorology; Mathematics and Biology. Some particular vacancies include Physicists/Electrical Engineers for research in the application of servo-control for machine tools, Physical Chemists, Chemists for research in high polymers, Botanist for study of bryophyta, Physiologist for work at the Institute of Aviation Medicine, Mineralogist to work on Meteorites (Petrologist with sound knowledge of Physics preferred), and Zoologists to specialise in the taxonomy of the Porifera and in Serological and other histochemical techniques applicable in Zoology and Anthropology. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally, for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g. postgraduate) experience. Normal age limits: (a) between 26 and 32, (b) between 21 and 29, with extension for regular Forces service and Overseas Civil Service. Selection by interview. London salaries (men): (a) £1,233 – £1,460, (b) £655 – £1,150; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1 for application form, quoting (a) S/53/60 (b) S/52/60.

BBC Television requires Assistant Head of Films. Duties include assistance to Head of Films in direction and supervision of all the various aspects of the work of Film Department. Practical experience of film production would be an advantage, as the post calls for sound knowledge of television film methods and techniques and ability to supervise and deploy a large staff of film technicians and facilities. As the duties also include working in close collaboration with other programme departments, practical knowledge of the various aspects of television production is desirable. Salary £1,920 rising by five annual increments to £2,395 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.350 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information require an Assistant Information Officer (unestablished). Duties include performing the calculations required in the design of sampling schemes, acquiring both a detailed knowledge of the sources of samples and an appreciation of practical sampling problems and using this knowledge in giving clear instructions to the Survey's Field Staff. Applicants must have reached degree standard in mathematics or statistics. Salary according to exp. and quals. on a scale rising to £1,140. Write, giving age and full details to Manager (PE2172), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

PART-time Women Tutors required from September for 'A' level Maths and Classics. W1 area. Box 5924.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air freight to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa (Johannesburg), India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.
U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air).

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Transcription Distribution Manager (British), based in London and responsible to Head of Transcription Service for promotion of use and sales of transcribed BBC sound programmes throughout the world especially in North America. Highly desirable qualifications include first-hand knowledge of overseas broadcasting conditions and audiences particularly in North America; ability to prepare descriptive leaflets and other promotion material; programme appreciation of a high quality to enable holder to assess programmes and write about them with critical understanding; ability to assess needs of overseas broadcasters and to conduct both personal negotiations and effective business correspondence with them. Salary £1,730 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,180 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G 349 N. Stn.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Vocational Guidance Officer (female) reqd in the Education Department at Westminster, mainly for advisory work for older school leavers. Good educational qualifications essential. Salary: APT I £610-£765 plus London Weighting up to £40. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 5 August. Prescribed conditions. (Quote C.985 NS).

WEST Sussex County Council — Children's Department – Appointment of Deputy Superintendent (male). Applications are invited for this post at St Christopher's Reception Home, Rustington, near Littlehampton. Training and/or good relevant experience essential for responsible position with 25/30 children including a group of adolescents living under 'hostel' conditions. Salary (including special responsibility allowance) £570 – £725 (less £120 board/lodging). Applications to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester.

NURSING staff, trained or untrained, required for the care of blind, subnormal and sighted, sub-normal children at Reigate. Full details obtainable from Hospital Secretary, Ellen Terry Home, Wray Park Road, Reigate.

RESIDENT housemothers required in children's homes near Oxford. Salary from £420 to £520 plus £30 per annum if qualified plus generous extra duty allowance for extra hours worked. Board and lodging charge £120 per annum. Posts pensionable and subject to medical examination. Application form from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd, Oxford.

WARLINGHAM Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey. There is a vacancy for a second Psychiattic Social Worker at Warlingham Park Hospital. This is a progressive mental hospital of 900 beds, whose catchment area is the County Borough of Croydon. There are extensive facilities for community care work, which is in process of active development, and opportunities exist for casework both with in- and out-patients. Special interests are provided by rehabilitation, alcoholic and neurosis units. Further information may be obtained from Mrs E. Gregory, Psychiatric Social Worker, Upper Warlingham 2101. Applications should be made to the Physician Superintendent, Warlingham Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey.

ST HILDA'S Training School for Girls, 305 Salter's Road, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne, 3. Applications are invited for Resident posts – (a) House Instructress able to supervise and instruct in all domestic duties. Domestic Science training desirable. (b) Relief Housemistress to supervise any department as required. Both to include interest in leisure activities in a group of adolescent girls aged 15-18 years. Initiative, common sense and a lively practical interest are needed for this work, which is a challenge to anyone willing to help these girls with firm, friendly encouragement to develop their interests and their ability to take their place as useful members of the community. Salary scale, Burnham Scale plus four increments, or according to qualifications, less £135 p.a. for board residence. Apply by letter to Headmistress, stating experience, qualifications and copies of recent testimonials.

FAMILY Service Units requires men and women caseworkers for the further extension of its pioneer work. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £950 p.a. for senior workers. Children's allowances. Training provided. Case discussions and individual casework supervision. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

MAN or Woman as Braille Library Assistant required in August. Under 40. Must be strong and active, able to type and with interest in books. Knowledge of Braille an advantage or willing to learn. Pension Scheme. Luncheon Vouchers. Write or phone Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St, W1 EUS. 5251.

WANTED. Someone to take Mum's place on Sussex farm for 2/3 weeks. Riding. £3 p.w. Coolham 319.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MILE Oak Approved School. Housemasters and Housemother. This approved school for 80 junior boys is being reorganised into 3 houses and applications are invited from suitably qualified men, whether married or single, for two positions of Housemaster. Applicants must have a general interest in and sympathy with the problems of difficult boys and be able to create in a 'house' of between 20 & 30 boys a friendly & secure environment where boys can readjust themselves, recover their self-respect and sense of responsibility. Comparable experience essential; degree/diploma in sociology/social science or Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage. Salary within scale £675 – £980 less £138 for board, etc. A comfortable 4-roomed flat is available for a married housemaster and his dependents. Annual leave eight weeks. There is also a vacancy for Housemother (who could be the wife of housemaster) to provide the necessary feminine influence and to assist in the running of a 'house'. Salary £525 – £555 less £138 for board, etc. Annual leave four weeks. Comf. bed sit. room provided for single woman. Apply (stating post) to Children's Officer (SDO/NS/1801/7), LCC, County Hall, SE1

HOUSEPARENT required, young adult Spastic Centre, full social life, congenial surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Fm Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

WOMEN'S Organiser—Southern Region. Applications are invited for the post of Women's Organiser for the Southern Region, to be responsible for the organisation of women in the constituencies and the supervision of the political and educational work of Women's Sections and Women's Advisory Councils; and to serve as Assistant Regional Organiser. Forms of application and particulars can be obtained from Mr Morgan Phillips, General Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1 to whom they should be returned not later than 29 August 1960.

SECRETARY/Leader will be required in September for a YWCA Centre in Tottenham. Secretary's responsibilities will include working with mixed groups of varying ages meeting on premises 5 eves a week, sponsoring afternoon women's groups. Bed-sitter accommodation with housekeeper. Non-resident post. Good holidays and pensions scheme. Salary in £525 – 750 range, according to experience and qualifications. Apply Director of Personnel, 108 Baker Street, London, W1.

HOUSEMOTHER for East London Jewish Girls' Hostel. Excellent accommodation and good salary according to training and experience. 18 Residents from 15-25 yrs. Housekeeping and Welfare. Apply in writing to/Miss P. J. Gerson, JP, MBE, Beaumont Hall, 2 Beaumont Grove, Stepney, E1.

PART-time experienced Deputy Club Leader (man or woman) required two nights per week for mixed youth club Kilburn NW6 area. Salary £100 p.a. Details and application form (s.a.e.) from Box 6155.

NATIONAL Film Archive requires Secretary for Deputy Curator. Salary on scale £8 19s. at 21 to £10 12s. at 25 or over. 5-day week, 3 weeks paid holiday, hours 9.30 to 5.30. Superannuation scheme. Apply Curator, National Film Archive, 81 Dean Street, London, W1.

PUBLISHER requires secretary (preferably with publishing experience), intelligent, young, energetic. Good wages; 3 wks' holiday; LV's. Pension (if you survive), Life Insurance (if you don't). Box 6196.

ASSISTANT editorial secretary wanted for the 'Architectural Review'. Must have good shorthand and typing; must also be intelligent and methodical; knowledge of editorial routine an advantage but not essential. Interesting post for the right candidate. Please write, giving details of experience, age, salary required etc. to Org. Secretary, 9 Queen Anne's Gate SW1

WANTED now – Part-time Copy Typist for MSS, theses, stencils – the lot. Very varied and interesting work. Suit married woman who can work four hours a day. Really high speeds and absolute accuracy essential. Small office with atmosphere New Statesman readers would enjoy. Ring Florence Beechwood, Dutton's Typing Department, MUS. 7379.

PUBLISHING. Small-scale publisher university and educational books, Bloomsbury, needs junior lady assistant general duties. Varied work and opportunities might suit school leaver or graduate, 18-22, with scholarly interests. Typing or willingness to learn it essential. Write stating qualifications and salary expected. Box 6117.

SHORTHAND/typist-cum-general-factotum for small office (King's X), periodical publishers. Accuracy, not high speeds, reqd. This is a friendly office where everyone mucks in. No prima donnas, please. 10-5, no Sats. Salary according to age & experience. TERminus 1472.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FABER and Faber. Shorthand-typist required for Production Department from 1 Sept. Apply first in writing to Production Manager, 24 Russell Sq, WC1.

FILM Company requires Secretary to its Directors. Initiative more important than experience in entertainments industry. Good wages, informal atmosphere. Holiday arrangements respected. Box 5888.

SEC./shorthand-typist, 19-35, for West End architect. £10-£14. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

A WIDE choice of interesting posts. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

PUBLISHING. Two Secretaries are required in the Publicity Department of major London book publishers. Accurate shorthand and typewriting essential. Preference for graduates. Write Box 6188.

LYNDON Johnson for Kennedy – Winifred Johnson (Office Staff Bureau) for you – with a good job. 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOL. 0360.

TEMP. sec., good speeds, reqd three weeks on West End magazine. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

WANTED: Shorthand-typist. Salary £10 per week (residence possible) for YMCA Indian Students' Union. Apply Warden, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1.

CAPABLE and cheerful invoice typist, varied work. Commonsense an asset. Write to Dillon's University Bookshop Ltd, 1 Malet Street, WC1.

MONEY is good for you! It makes you rich! Our American firm has some high-paying sales openings for mildly avaricious people to prevent an extraordinary children's educational program to US families in Europe. If your cupidity is genuine, please send résumé with inquiry to Box 6125.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FEMALE Honours graduate, 26, secretarial and publishing experience, 2 years teaching in Italy, seeks interesting post home or abroad. Box 6115.

COMPETENT, conscientious, cheerful, personal assistant seeks boss who appreciates these qualities and needs a good organiser for his affairs in central London. Wide experience, varied interests. Free October. Box 6132.

YOUNG Chinese gentleman (30), British Subject, qualified in shorthand-typing, commerce & elementary book-keeping, seeks post in office. Box 6182.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

YOUNG lady with 4½ years art experience and training seeks interesting honest work in any field. Box 6084.

ENERGETIC gentleman, 50, seeks responsible position. No special qualifications but many abilities. Own business sold. PUTney 9828 or Box 6200.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd. from p. 140

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SHORTHAND/Typg priv tuit Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N.11. ENT 3324.

SPEAK Spanish. Special week-end crses: conversation, idioms, pronunciation, with tape recorders. Evening classes. Also hol. crses in Spain. Academia Britannica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202.

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams. espec. Degree. Box 6053.

GCE Courses in English Literature; Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time Day/Eve. Reduced fees for long crses. St. Giles School, 63 Oxford St., W1. GER 1461.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at the RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Phone WIL. 6025.

SPANISH Dancing tuition Flamenco and Classical. Tani Morena, GLA. 0407.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

'REALITIES of World Power', Oxford 6-13 Aug., 'Socialism and the Complacent Society', Wales, 13-20 Aug., Fabian Summer Schools. Full dets from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

EVENING Drama School, 22-26 Aug. Studio Theatre, Kensington, W11. £6 6s. Also 7-day Courses starting 31 July and 7 & 14 August. Director: Marian Naylor. Syllabus: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Ave, Wembley, Middx. WEM 2161

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Cernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

The last OUTCASTS

SUPPOSE A CHILD has the misfortune to be born an epileptic. Suppose epilepsy develops in adolescence . . . or when a man is thirty-five. The pattern life will take *from the moment epilepsy is diagnosed* can be forecast with depressing accuracy. Many of these people will be unemployed, afraid of marriage and its responsibilities, apart and rejected all their lives—*unless rational people like yourself take a hand to change public opinion.*

Medicine has leapt forward. The attacks can be controlled so that nearly all could lead a normal, useful existence . . . if only our social thinking had kept pace with technical achievement. Society—not Epilepsy—holds them back today. The British Epilepsy Association wants to lift the mediæval fog of ignorance and superstition surrounding this last group of outcasts, the estimated quarter of a million epileptics in our midst. Write to us for the free booklet which tells you what epilepsy really is and how your voice can help to change the future for all epileptics. The British Epilepsy Association, Dept. NS.4, 27 Nassau Street, London, W.1.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, WC2.
Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066
15 to 27 August
THE ROYAL BALLET
with Fonteyn, Somes (Final London appearance until December).

29 August to 10 September
ROYAL OPERA STOCKHOLM
A Masked Ball, Flying Dutchman, Aniara, Akina.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
2 Cycles of 'The Ring.' Seats available for single perfs (1st Cycle only: 16, 21, 26, 30 Sept.).

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Rosebery Avenue, EC1.
Box Office Tel. TERminus 1672.
Until 30 July
BALLET RAMBERT
Evgs 7.30 Mats. Sats. 2.30
Programme available.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 2 Plays by Eugene Ionesco. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30. Sun. 4. Witty & naughty. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. Joan Plowright in 'Roots'. Wed. next, 'I'm Talking About Jerusalem'

THE ROYAL, EUS. MAR. 5971. 8.0. S. 5.0, 8.0. 'Every Man in His Humour'

TOWER. 12 July for two weeks only. 7.30, Sun. 7.0. Lloyd Reckord presents two new West Indian plays: 'Sea at Dauphin', 'Six in the Rain'. CAN. 3473 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Seagull'. 'For discerning theatregoers', Reynolds News. Last 3 perfs Fri, St, Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS
Sat. 23 July to Sat. 17 Sept.
Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.10
Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall
(KEN.8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available at doors, except 23 July.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U)

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 24 July: Ellie Lambetti in 'A Matter of Dignity' (A). From 25 July: Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest' (U).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season. 6 p.m. Comédie Française in Beaumarchais' play 'The Marriage of Figaro' (U) with music by Mozart. 8.30 p.m. Russian Colour Film of Dostoievsky's novel 'The Idiot' (U). Suns. only to 11 Sept. (ex. 21 Aug.) All seats bookable. WAT. 3191.

GARDEN Party. Meet visiting Soviet actors, playwrights, producers, doctors, language teachers, housewives, this Saturday, 23 July, 4.30 p.m., at SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W8. 2s. 6d. (including refreshments) at door.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART – Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

FROM This Land. An exhibition of handmade and rural craftwork from Britain and Eire. Until 13 August. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1. MUSeum 1666.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ceri Richards: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and relief constructions 1930-1960. Last day Thursday. Weekdays 11-6; Sunday 2-6; closed Monday. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings by the Australian artist Arthur Boyd. 19 July-20 August.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Philip Sutton, Recent Pntgs; Margaret Kaye, Fabric Collages & Drawings. 10-5.30, 10-1. Closing 30 July.

PICASSO. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 September. Weekdays 10-8; Suns 2-8. Admn 3s. 6d. (Note late openings daily)

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

THE Arts of the Sung Dynasty. Exhibition organised by Arts Council and Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 23 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition – Recent Acquisitions 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9. Tube Warwick Ave. Recent Paintings, Watercolours & Drawings by Phyl Nunn & Eugenie Camp. Until 20 August. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Picasso: Gravures sur Linoleum 1958-60. Until 2 September. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Sculpture by Ronald Moody. Drawings, Patterns for Pottery. 25 July-13 Aug. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nicolas Schoffer: Spatiodynamic, Cybernetic, Luminodynamic Sculpture. Until 30 July. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Staël. Soulages. Ernst. Manessier. Sutherland. Richards. Nicholson. Reynolds. Wilson, etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St, W1. Thirty Drawings by Gustav Klimt (Vienna 1862-1918). First exhibition in London.

MOLTON Gallery, Borès Gouaches and Drawings. Until 6 August. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Albert Tucker. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings & Drawings by Bruno Manuni. Dly inc. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Water-Colours and Drawings of Today. 7th Exhibition.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CND LONDON REGION
WEEK-END SCHOOL
Ruskin College, Oxford, 30 July to 1 August. £2 10s. week-end, £3 10s. three days. Book now, CND, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Dr Stark Murray on 'Labour's Policy for Health', 7.30 p.m., Wed. 27 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 24 July, 6.30. Music and Readings. 7 p.m. 'The Necessary Conservative': H. J. Blackham.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Congo – What Next?' Emergency Public Meeting. Friday, 22 July, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Dr Hastings Banda (President, Malawi Congress Party, Nyasaland), Mainza Chona (Dy President, United National Independence Party, N. Rhodesia), John Stonehouse, MP. Chairman: Fenner Brockway, MP. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Movement for Colonial Freedom & Committee of African Organisations.

PROBLEM of Prostitution. The International Abolitionist Federation, founded by Josephine Butler to abolish all laws which would give prostitution a status of a recognised, authorised or licensed occupation is holding its 21st triennial Congress at Cambridge from 27-30 September 1960. Eminent speakers from many countries are expected. Full particulars from the Gen. Sec., AMSH, 129 Kennington Road, London, SE11.

REINCARNATION and Transmigration.' Public lecture, 24 July, 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

BATTLE of the Sexes', a verbal tug-of-war on matters dear to either sex. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, W1, Wed. 27 July at 8 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun. 24 July, 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Stuart Morris: 'Non-Resistance'.

DRUID Order. Druidry in Everyday Life by Dr Charles Bellwood: Thursday 21 July, 7.15, Caxton Hall.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WILLIAM TEMPLE COLLEGE
RUGBY
MID-WEEK COURSE
12-16 SEPTEMBER 1960
on
THE MIDDLE EAST TO-DAY
Political, Economic, Industrial, Cultural and Religious Aspects.
Speakers include: Sir Reader Bullard, Miss E. Monroe, Mr D. C. Watt, Mr M. G. Ionides, and Dr K. Cragg.
Apply to the Principal for particulars.

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond Univ Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VHP91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

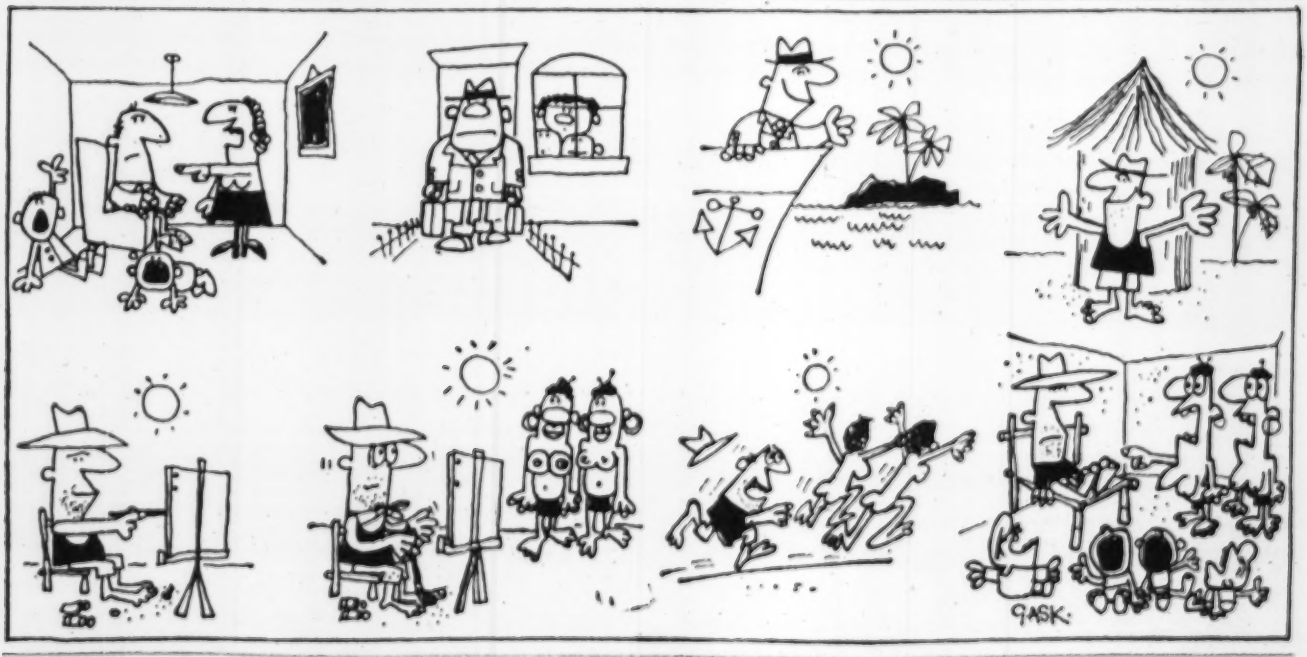
SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates and older students six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARK 1654.

GREGG and Pitman intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

CHINESE Correspondence College; also Japanese, Scient. Chinese, BA Cses, priv. tuition. 13 Park Ave Nth, Lond. N8.

LECTURE CURSES, etc.—contd. on p. 139



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